



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

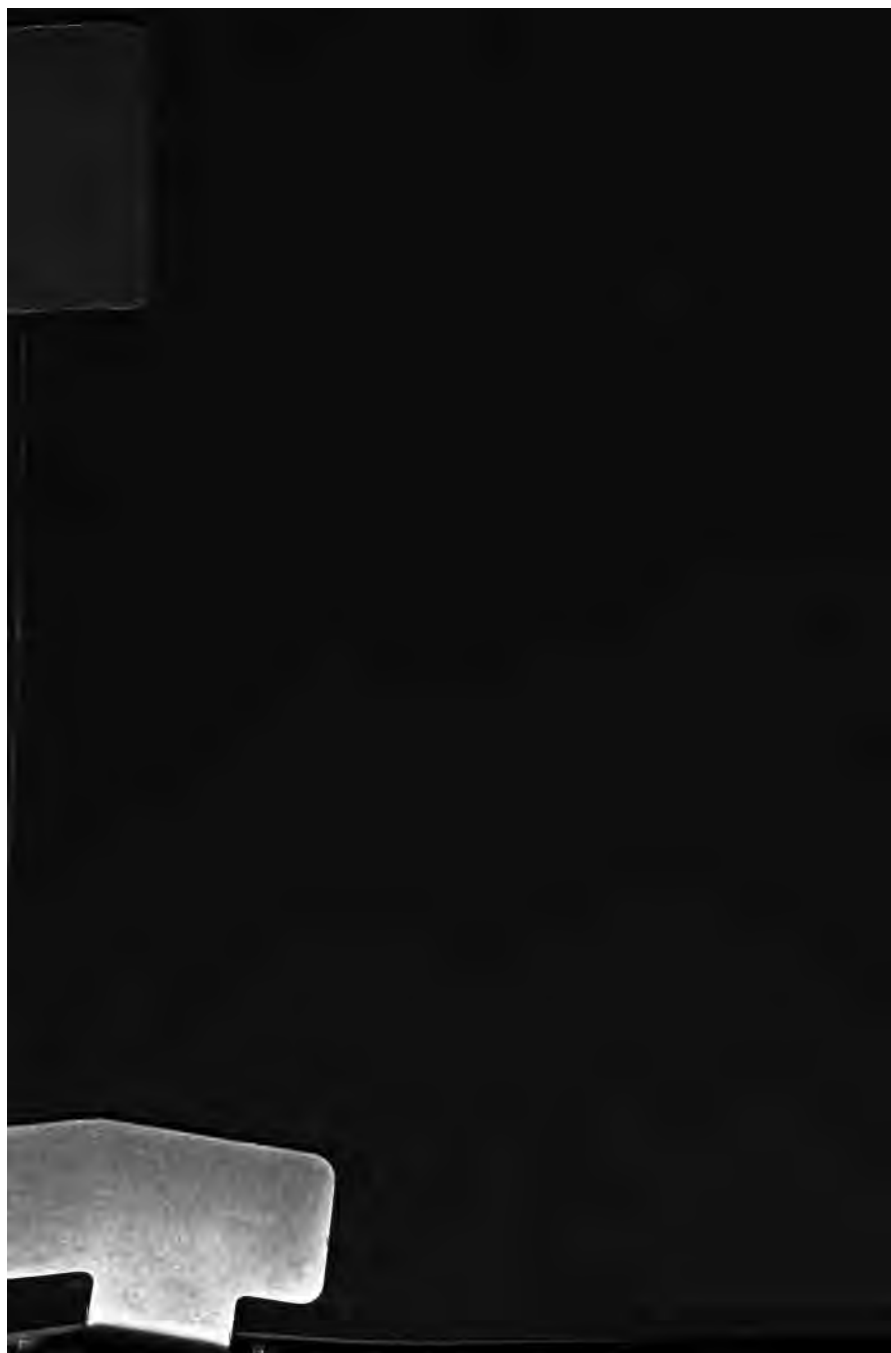
We also ask that you:

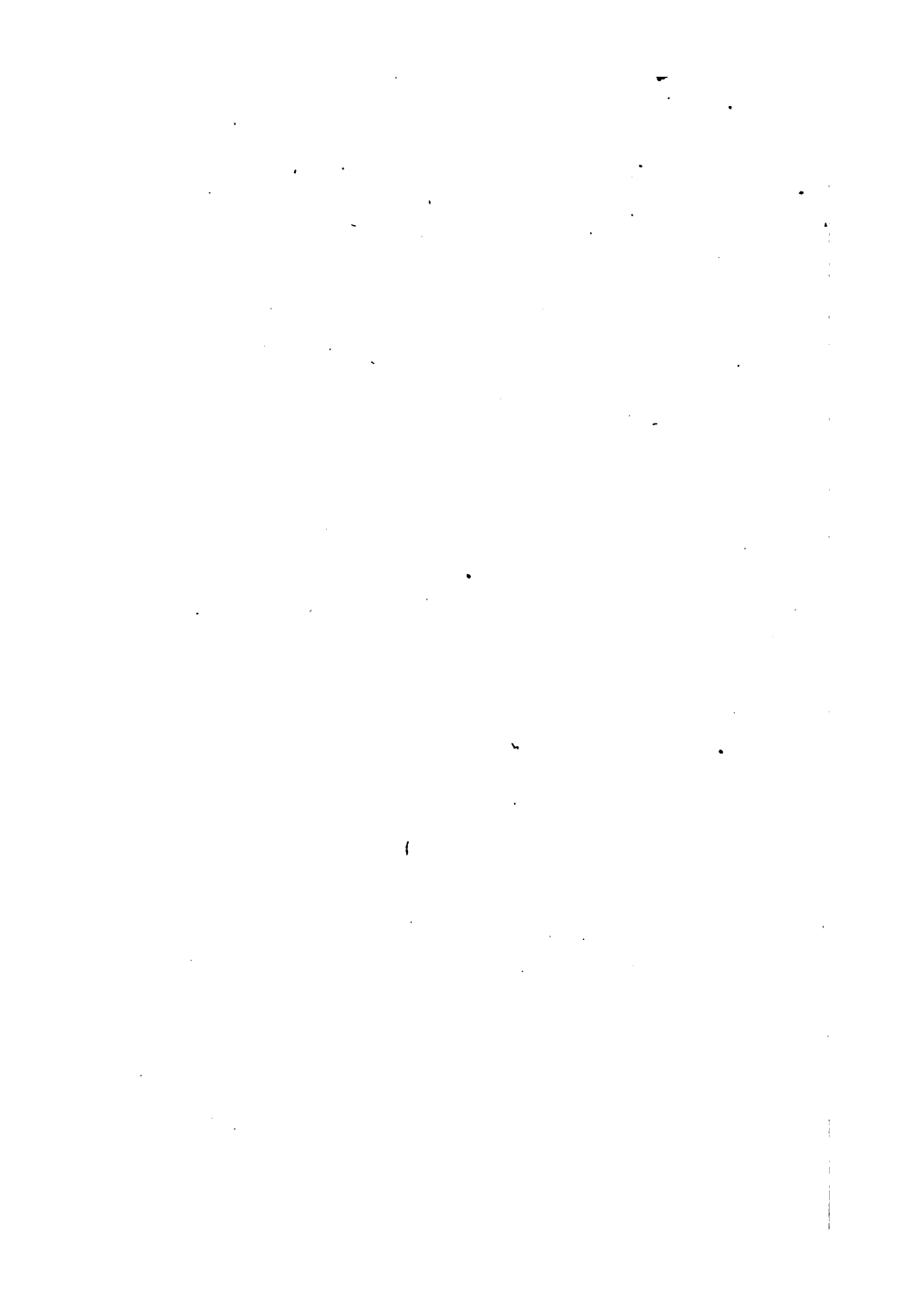
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

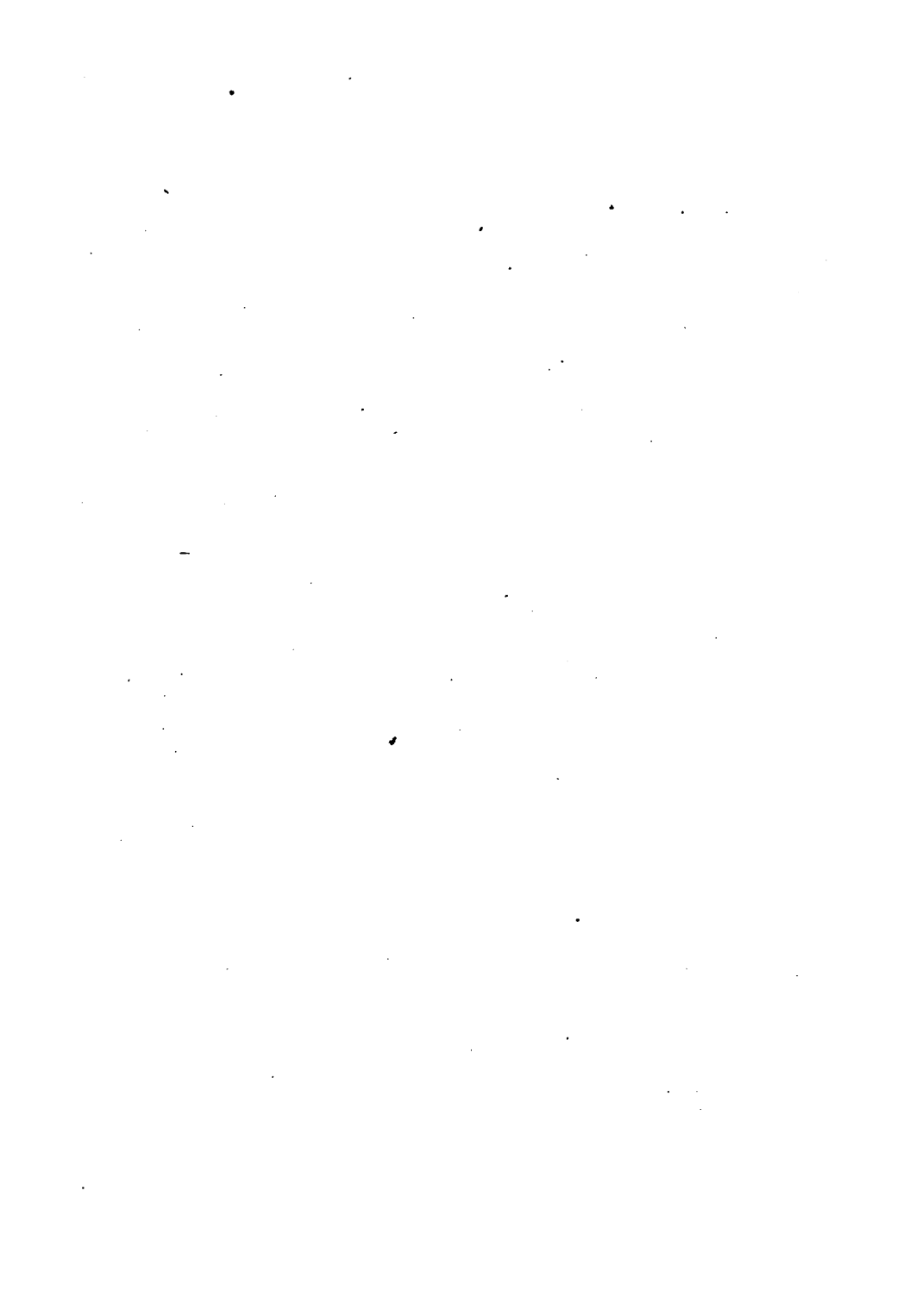
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>









OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

“‘The Bridal of Drimna’ is a collection of poems, legendary, patriotic, sentimental, and humorous, by a Dublin man—Mr. FitzAchary. Mr. FitzAchary writes in a pleasant strain, and it is not often that his melodies are unmusical. His opening piece is a legendary tale of the Ireland of the Anglo-Norman period, and it evidences not a little of the cleverness of the story teller, as well as considerable facility of versification. Its descriptive passages, such as places in Dublin and Wicklow Counties which are remarkable for their scenic beauty, are sung with thrilling and commendable enthusiasm. Here the Author evidently paints from nature, and his knowledge of the past, coming to the aid of his faculty of observation, fires his fancy to great purpose. The smaller pieces strike pleasantly on the ear, and are not wanting in graceful imagery. The patriotic pieces show that he is penetrated with the true national spirit, and that he deeply sympathises with the efforts made at the present time to raise Ireland to the position of a free nation; and this fact, we venture to think, will not be his least powerful recommendation to the favourable notice of the Irish reading public. This volume of verse amply evidences that Mr. FitzAchary is gifted with the poetic faculty.”—*The Nation*.

“This tastefully brought out volume contains poems of real fervour, strength, and skill, the longest and most ambitious of which is that named in the title. Throughout this whole book is breathed the genuine spirit of nationality and self-reliance. Mr. FitzAchary has unquestionably great talent: ‘He Would be a Baronet’ is a decidedly clever production. There are so many persons and subjects touched upon and hit off, in a felicitous way, that the volume ought to have a large and quick sale. Mr. FitzAchary teems with imagination and poetic ideas, is quiverful of illustrations, apt and picturesque.”—*The Freeman*.

“We have to-day to notice a new work, ‘The Bridal of Drimna’ and other Poems, by John Christopher FitzAchary. The miscellaneous poems are of a varied character, alternating in turn ‘from grave to gay, from lively to severe.’ There is a great deal that is highly interesting, instructive, and attractive in Mr. FitzAchary’s verses, which, from cover to cover, exhibit no inconsiderable amount of poetic fancy, sympathetic fervour, and artistic skill.”—*The Irish Times*.

THE BRIDAL OF DRIMNA,

And other Poems.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE FALL OF MUSTAPHA:

In Oriental Sonnet.

BY

JOHN CHRISTOPHER FITZACHARY.

"Blest is the Bard whom summer's heat,
Whom spring's impulsive stir and beat,
Have taught no feverish lure;
Whose Muse, benignant and serene,
Still keeps his autumn chaplet green
Because his verse is pure!"

—AUSTIN DOBSON.

NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION, REVISED AND
ENLARGED.

All Rights Reserved.

DUBLIN:

JAMES DUFFY & SONS, 15 WELLINGTON QUAY.
AND 1 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1884.

ANV2420

Printed by
EDMUND BURKE & Co.,
61 & 62 GREAT STRAND STREET,
DUBLIN.



Dedication.

"O thou, our country's rising hope !
The fav'rite of her wishes ! Thou on whom
Her fondest expectations throbbing wait,
Accept this verse ; and to the humblest voice
That sings of public virtue, lend an ear !" — DODSLEY.

AS a small but sincere tribute of respect and admiration for an
Illustrious Irishman, who, in the spring of life, has singularly
distinguished himself as a Citizen, a Journalist and a Statesman, and
in all capacities displayed an Independent, Patriotic, and Practical
Policy, this little Volume of National and Miscellaneous Song is
humbly inscribed to

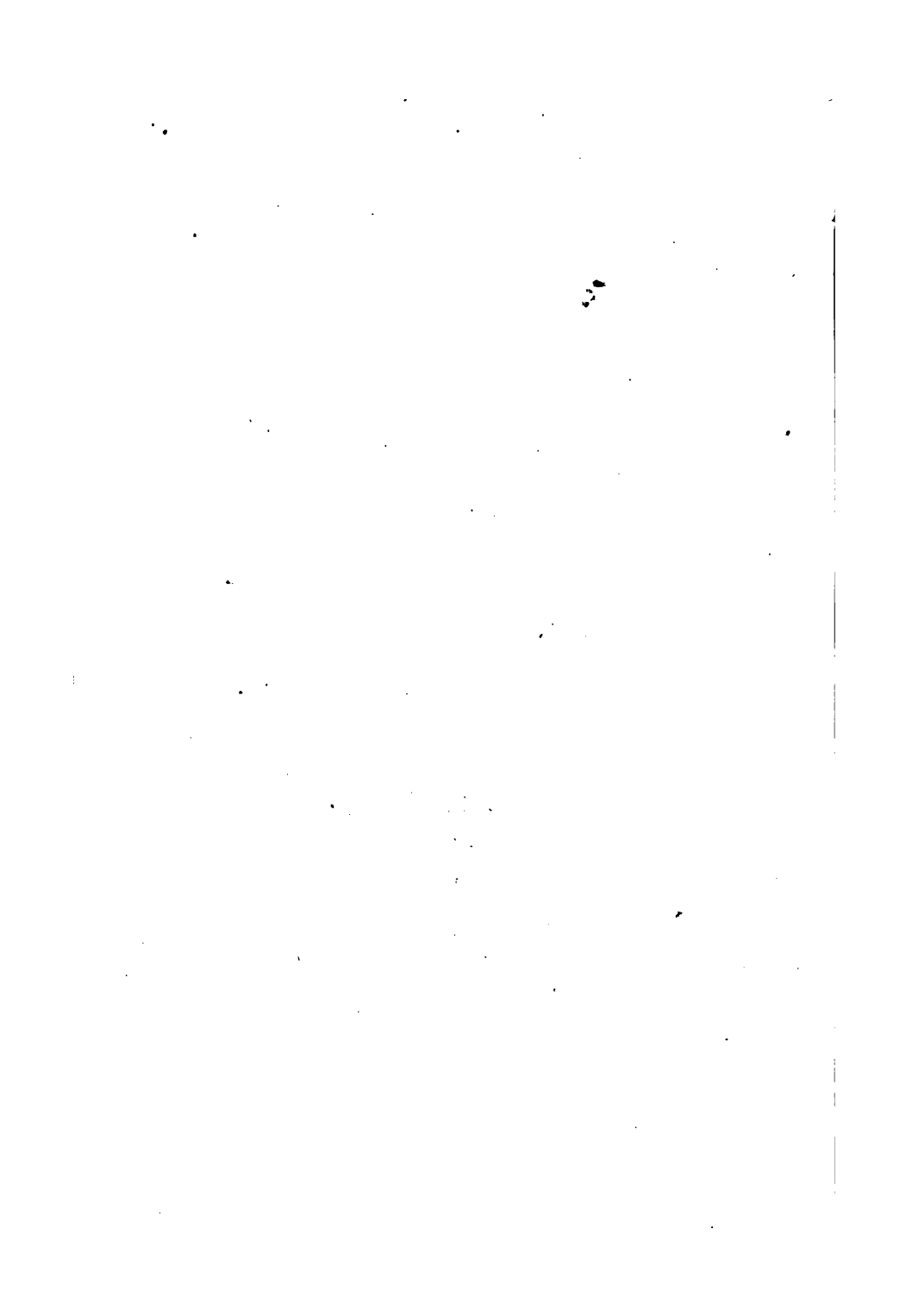
EDMUND DWYER GRAY, Esq., T.C., M.P.,

AND HIGH SHERIFF OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN,

By his Grateful and Obedient Servant,

JOHN CHRISTOPHER FITZACHARY.

December 22, 1882.





CONTENTS.

	Page
DEDICATION	v
PREFACE	xi
THE BRIDAL OF DRIMNA—	
Introduction	1
Canto I.	4
Canto II.	17
Canto III.	26
SONNETS AND SIMILES—	
Dawn	35
Sunset	35
The Captive to the Star	36
Fanny Parnell	37
Memory... ..	38
Benevolence	38
Shelley	39
Unexpected Pleasure	39
The River	40
The Fate of Beauty	40
Leaving Harbour	41
The Breakers and the Rock	41
Man's Inhumanity	42
A True Pleasure	42
Liberty	43
The Ivy and the Oak	43
A Lesson from Nature	44
Moore	45
A Sea-Side Simile	45
An Autumnal Ramble	46
Denis Florence MacCarthy	47
The Ever-green Oak	48
To J. J. Crosthwaite, Esq., J.P.	49
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—	
The Magnolia of Maillendiera	50
"A Merry Christmas!"	58
My Valentine	59

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS— <i>continued.</i>		Page
My Native Village	...	60
The Grave of Tessa	...	62
Ode to Columbia	...	63
The City of the Sultan	...	65
The Past	...	67
An Aspiration	...	70
On the River	...	71
The Deserted Mansion	...	72
To an Absent Friend	...	74
The Old School	...	75
To the Rev. M. A. Joy	...	76
The Poet's Christmas	...	77
The Rainbow	...	79
April	...	80
Sympathy	...	82
Cathedral Musings	...	84
A Prayer	...	89
Dreams	...	89
From the Mountain-top	...	91
Seaside Musings	...	92
With Byron and Nature	...	93
The Chorister of Chartres	...	94
The Beacon Star	...	99
Fireside Musings	...	102
After an Estrangement	...	102
Deception	...	103
Autumn Flowers	...	105
The Humming Bird and the Butterfly	...	106
Old Friends	...	107
Impromptu In Memoriams	...	109
The Wanderer's Return	...	111
The Autumn Days of Life Have Come	...	113
Stanzas to My Daughter	...	113
My Grave	...	116
THE FALL OF MUSTAPHA—		
Canto I.	...	118
Canto II.	...	123
PATRIOTIC PIECES—		
To "Speranza"	...	135
"Who was Davis, Papa?"	...	137
"The Land We'll Hold!"	...	140
To Eire	...	141
"A Thousand Brave Fellows in Prison!"	...	143
College Green	...	144
'Tis not in Legions	...	146
Parnell	...	147

PATRIOTIC PIECES—continued.		Page
My Bride	...	148
"One Hundred Years Ago"	...	149
"Westward Ho!"	...	152
Fair Daughters of my Native Land	...	153
The Minstrels of Erin	...	154
The Sons of De Salle	...	155
Parnell the True	...	157
Dionysius	...	159
SENTIMENTAL LYRICS—		
Love	...	162
Oh! Maiden Sweet	...	163
Young Love once Fled	...	164
My Soldier Brave	...	165
Oh! whence is the Sound	...	166
The Hermit	...	167
Oh! would that we	...	168
The Troubadour	...	169
When Morpheus no Longer	...	170
My Sweetheart, Anna	...	170
The Maiden of Macroom	...	171
Love in Ambush	...	172
Oh! Go, my Gallant Lover	...	172
Oh! Do not Deem	...	173
Emma, Dear	...	174
From thy Sweet Lips	...	175
Pray, have you seen my Lass	...	176
Oh! Fancy not	...	177
The Innkeeper's Daughter	...	178
The Maiden's Lament	...	179
Come and Repose	...	180
Farewell, the Parting Hour has Come	...	181
My Irish Girl	...	182
HUMOROUS AND IMPROMPTU PIECES—		
The Bowl	...	186
The Great Sin	...	189
Credit	...	189
Woman	...	190
Impromptu on the Gray Memorial	...	190
An Apt Quotation	...	191
Conundrum	...	191
"Nibelungen's Ring"	...	191
On Kissing	...	192
Epitaphs	...	192
Pictures	...	192
"Discordant Harmony!"	...	192

HUMOROUS AND IMPROMPTU PIECES— <i>continued.</i>		Page
On Presenting a Lady with a Pair of Scissors	...	193
Odd Occupations	193
A Love Unchangeable	194
A Borrower's Bank	194
The Reason Why	194
The Poet's Life	195
A Not(e)able Reason	195
The Auction Mart	195
"What I First Thought of Her"	197
A Corporate "Cure"	198
Albion's Fiat!	199
A Paradox	199
"What's in a Name?"	199
He would be a Baronet!	200





PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE very unanimous and hearty welcome accorded, by the Press and the reading public in general, to this volume since its first appearance—a little over twelve months ago—has induced me to devote myself, for some time past, to the pleasant task of preparing it for a new, and I hope, still more popular edition.

A glance at the contents will at once make it apparent to my former readers that I have not only revised and emended; but, to a very considerable extent, increased the matter, and, I trust, the merits of the text, while, at the same time, I have introduced a number of explanatory and interesting notes.

So far as my own judgment could guide me I have done my utmost to “reject the weeds and keep the flowers;” yet, I am conscious that “rough hew them as I might” many wayward and imperfectly-developed growths still retain a holding in their original places.

In such instances, however—if, indeed, any excuse is permissible—I would have it remembered that many of these are the gleanings of “thirty golden years ago,” when, although “it seemed, like pleasure, to grow old,” I could count upon my finger-tips the number of my birthday anniversaries.

Improvised during the brief intervals afforded from a very engrossing occupation, they were, from time to time, forwarded to various magazines and papers with that inconsiderate haste so characteristic of literary aspirants in general, but of embryo poets in particular; and, in due course—almost invariably—appeared under my initials or *nom de plume*, “with all their imperfections on their heads.”

In further extenuation of their retention here I may, perhaps, urge the fact that, in the course of my excursive readings, I have recently met with several pieces so remarkably similar—not alone in imagery, but also in phraseology—to some of them that, at times, I found no little difficulty in reconciling myself to regard them as anything short of unblushing and deliberate plagiarisms, although, after all, they may be nothing more than the accidental outcomes attendant on the mysterious universality and community of Thought.

DUBLIN, *March 31, 1884.*



THE BRIDAL OF DRIMNA.*



INTRODUCTION.

IN musing mood I wander on
When evening's shades are lowering fast,
And, like a laggard, the reluctant sun
Goes lazily to his couch at last.
Across the fields, and through a path
That winds around an ancient rath,
I take my way, and, looking back,
Behold a canopy of black—
Upheld by columns of dusky hue—
Its length'ning shades fling o'er the view.

So thick and bright has Nature spread
Her beauties over hill and mead,
That twilight, with her mant'ling veil,
Their varied hues cannot conceal.

* The Castle of Drimna—still retaining some of its ancient appurtenances, such as its moat, curtain walls, etc.—presents one of the best specimens of the old feudal stronghold in the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin. It stands to the right of, and almost beside, the roadway leading from the little village of Crumlin (where, in 1690, William III., on his return from the Boyne, pitched his camp, and from whence he issued his proclamation against the brass coin of James II.) to the more ancient and historic Clondalkin. According to the most authentic accounts, it was founded in the reign of King John, by De Bernival, an adventurous knight who came to Ireland in the train of that prince, and received from him a grant of the surrounding lands. From this knight, whose death occurred in 1221, the Irish

The Autumn moon—serene and bright—
Peeps thro' the clouds that troop apace,
And, now and then, thro' op'nings slight,
In lakes and streams espies her face.
Anear—thro' copse that half conceals
Its wayward course—a streamlet steals,
Like mitching youth, of roe in dread,
In zig-zag steps, along its bed.

High towering to the eastern skies,
Clad in their heath'ry coats of mail,
The giant "Rocks"* before me rise,
Like sentinels to watch the vale.

Awhile my path, with devious course,
Pursues the wand'rings of a brook,
Thro' feathery ferns, and prickly gorse,
Until it meets a sylvan nook
Where lovers oft, in days of old,
In whisp'ring tones, their passion told,
Or hapless bards, when under ban
In evil days, for shelter ran
To tune their dulcet harps, and tell
How Erin's fortunes rose and fell.

What music—breathing soft and clear—
Vibrates around this calm retreat,
And with its sound enthralls my ear,
As if a choir of all things sweet

Barnwells claim their descent ; and some members of the family held possession of Drimna and Terenure till the time of James I., when, after a protracted lawsuit, they fell into the hands of Sir Adam Loftus. During the great insurrection of 1641 it was garrisoned for the king by the Duke of Ormond, and had the rare and almost exceptional fortune of escaping the destruction that followed the arrival of Cromwell and his bands. For many years past it has been in the possession of a branch of the Kavanagh family, by one of whose members—the courteous and hospitable Mrs. Mylott—it is at present occupied, and kept in excellent preservation.

* The Three Rock Mountains, County Dublin.

In warb'lings told their loves.
The very wavelets of the stream,
Pulsating low but strong,
Beneath the twilight's witching gleam,
Sing, as they glide along,
The chorus of the groves,
That echoes round like witching notes
Sung by a ghostly throng,
And cannot be, by human throats,
Enshrined in earthly song !

Here may I find, as oft was found
By greater bards in days of old,
Inspiring aid from scent and sound,
And all the raptured eye can hold.
Now swift and strong, or smooth and clear,
But ever grateful to the ear,
As is the waters' lullaby,
May flow the rhymes I've essayed here,
And, wandering, like the Zephyrs, free
Thro' fancy's boundless realms of space—
O, be it mine awhile to see
In vivid, true reality
All that my pen presumes to trace !

If favoured so, with heartfelt glee
This rustic stave of rhyme I'll cast
Upon the thickly littered sea
Where lieth many a stately mast,
And hopefully behold it sail
Across the waves, till lost to sight,
Assured that it will bear its tale
To friends like those who list to-night.

Canto the First.*

When erst the towers of Drimna rose
To guard the Pale* from native foes,
Its spacious courts were lorded o'er
By Bernival from Gallia's shore,
Who came in Strongbow's van,
Proud of the victories he had won,
That spread his fame from zone to zone
'Mong ev'ry creed and clan !

Tho' pure the air, and bright the clime,
Where flows the Rhine, the Rhone, and Seine ;
And rich the fields in autumn time
When grain and grapes no more are green,
Tho' Love enthroned, there reigneth high,
And shoots his rays, thro' smiles or glances
Of dimpling cheek or radiant eye,
As swift and fatal as the lances
Flung by the brave barbarians' hands
'Gainst Albion's hosts on Afric strands !
Yet these—nor all the social ties
That bind the heart to native land—
Nor parent's tears, nor sister's sighs
Could hold him from the vent'rous band.

A fitting field full soon he found
Wherein his prowess to display,
And many a tale has since gone round
Of Bernival and bloody fray.
From north to south, from east to west,
His banner flutter'd on the breeze,
And treaties, with his sign impressed,
Were sacred held as Rome's decrees.
For out of all the hireling crew
Of Strongbow's motley cavalcade,

* "The Pale" was the name given to the City of Dublin and such portions of the surrounding districts as were held by the Anglo-Normans.

No soldier, save Fitzgerald, drew
A more unsullied battle-blade !
These be his merits : tho' his band
Fought in the ranks of those who came,
With Papal Bull and Norman Brand
To rob us of our fields and fame,
Not mine the pen, nor this the place
To tell that story of disgrace.
Enough—we know full well to-day
How treach'ry paved the victor's way
Till chief, and kern, and clan, and sept
By ruthless force away were swept,
As if the desert's with'ring wind
Had passed, and left no rack behind !

Some two score years their course had sped
Since Bernival, with jub'lant pride,
From Patrick's sacred altar led
De Courcy's only child as bride ;
But brief, alas ! their wedded hours,
For, ere twelve moons had flown,
The young knight paced his castle towers
A widowed sire—alone !
And now that legacy of love—
That fond wife's only son—
All earthly treasures prized above—
To man's estate had grown.

Full oft, on many a summer's day,
Thro' Imayle's glens he took his way,
And, with remorseless wrath, struck down
The native guards of tower and town,
And, more than once, in victor's state,
Led captive chiefs thro' Drimna's gate.
But, to his cost, he soon found out
Not always beat are those we rout.
The lion surprised betimes may fly
When startled by the hunter's cry,
But soon, recovering his nerve,

Undauntedly may on him curve,
And, ere his frightened steed can turn,
Of limb or life may leave them shorn !
Conflagrant flames oft seem to cower
 A moment as if overcome
Beneath the rushing water's power,
 Yet, suddenly, again resume
The burning sceptre of their sway,
 And, lighting up the midnight gloom,
To calcined dust resolve their prey !

Beloved alike by kith and kern
The young and gallant chief—O'Byrne,
Whose sires, of old, held princely sway
From Imayle's vales to Wicklow's bay,
Now ruled those storied hunting grounds
O'er which great Finn, with horns and hounds,
Once chased the doe that found its goal
Amid the woods of Glenismole !
The changeful suns of thirty years
 Had risen, shone, and flown,
Yet not a trace of cares or fears
 Upon his face was shewn.
Tho' robbed of much he once possessed
 By foes from o'er the tide,
Or faithless friends whose guilt distressed
 His honour and his pride,
Yet ruled he with that potent power
 Which shews us what a gulf
There is 'twixt him of god-like dower
 And him of demon self.
Fervent in Faith and true in Love,
 In battle brave, in council wise—
The eagle quarter'd with the dove
 Alone his parts could symbolise !

One autumn eve, 'mid Nature's lull,
The moon, all watchful, clear, and full,
Above the brow of brown Kippure,

Saw marching onward through the vale
Of fairy-haunted Glenmalure
The valiant clansmen of Imayle,
Whose length'ning columns glided on
Like some gigantic serpent's tail,
Until, like stars, above them shone
The beacon lights around the Pale !
Then massing in the meadow-fields,
From which the grass had just been cut,
They made secure their spears and shields,
And urged their steeds with spurred foot,
Until, above the castle gates,
They spied a yawning sentinel
Who, startled, ran to rouse his mates
By sounding loud the alarm bell,
But, in his headlong haste, forgot
To raise the bridge above the foss,
Which, with a movement quick as thought,
O'Byrne led his clans across !

No need to pause, and here retell
A tale so often told
In ballad lore of "Bernival
And John the outlaw bold ;"
Yet still the Celtic peasant hears
With joy-dilated eyes,
When rustic bards sing in his ears
A song of that surprise ;
And oft he asks to hear again
How sire and son with all their men
Fled off like frighten'd sheep,
And, in their headlong haste, forgot
What might have been Elnora's lot
Had she not waked from sleep,
And, quickly donning male attire,
Rushed thro' the blinding smoke and fire
That wreathed round the towers
Until—moored by the river's marge—
She found, at length, a tiny barge

With ready helm and oars.
And how, when morning dawn'd, 'twas found
The curtain walls bestrewed the ground,
And levelled up the foss,
While, with tremendous force and weight,
Wrench'd from its hinges, lay the gate
The deep-dug moat across.
And how the fields of oats and wheat
Beneath the horses' hoofs were beat
Into the fruitful ground ;
While not a shred of farming stock,
Or shadow of a herd or flock,
Could anywhere be found ;
For, as fit trophies, ev'ry thing
That they could with them safely bring
Ere rose the orb of day—
Steeds, hounds and falcons, arms and all
That stood in haggard, court, or hall
Were seized, and swept away ;
Nay, e'en the pictures and the plate
That lent the banquet-room of state
An almost regal air,
Were, with the diamonds, gems, and jewels,
In plunder-bags, on backs of mules,
Pack'd 'neath O'Byrne's care !

The dash and nerve of this bold coup
A glory round the outlaw threw,
And soulward sent an icy chill
That froze the motive power of will,
And all the wrath that Edmund nurst,
Volcano-like some day to burst
On his devoted head !
De Bernival now plainly saw
No power of his could overawe
The troops in Imayle bred ;
So, all at once, beset by fears,
He cried—"Instead of musketeers
Begirth with spears and swords,

We'll henceforth send them cunning men—
Diplomatists of tongue and pen—
To cosen with sweet words."

Duplicity on Life's vast stage,
Its part has play'd in ev'ry age ;
With honied voice and siren smile,
It bridges o'er the depths of guile,
And, like a serpent, it extends
Its labyrinthian trail afar,
Engend'ring in its silken bends
Domestic strife and public war.

A friendly missive soon was sent
Avowing the Baron's full intent
To treat with Imayle's lord ;
And, furthermore, it pray'd that he
Would honor with his company,
Next night, his festal board.

The truce was by O'Byrne scanned,
And, to the envoy's great surprise,
He signed it in a clerkly hand
That left no fault to criticise.
Then, handing back the parchment scroll,
He said—" I charge you, ere you leave,
To tell your masters, I a bowl
Will drain with them to-morrow eve !"

True to his word—the morrow's sun
Beheld O'Byrne take his way
Where Crouch and Dodder ambling run
Like urchins on a summer's day.
Thro' golden furze, and heathers brown,
Across Kippure's titanic head,
By Ballinascorney's rocky town,
And Bornabrena's paths he sped.
By Slievebawn's wild and dark ravines,
Its flow'ry dells, and wooded glade ;
By Tallaght's hallowed graves and shrines,
His way by Belgard's Keep he made,

Across Balruddery's daisied lawn,
By Killnosantan's ivied porch,
Thence, through the valley of Old Bawn,
He sped by Templeogue's grey church.
And fast and faster yet he rode,
Until, at length, the city spires
And domes and roofs before him glowed,
Lit by the sunset's burning fires.
Then, turning from the river's side,
He passed Timathan's ancient keep,
And soon, above the pastures wide,
Beheld the towers of Drimna peep.

The Palesman saw, with glad surprise,
Approach, as friends, the mountain kerne,
And, as they neared, exultant cries
Proclaimed the advent of O'Byrne.
Louder and louder grew the shout,
While banners waved with wild delight,
As if they knew, beyond all doubt,
The chieftain's eye had them in sight !

Down went the pond'rous bridge, and then
The new-raised gates were opened wide,
And soon, 'mid lines of armed men,
The outlaw rode, with kingly stride,
Across the court-yard to the hall
Where knights and ladies fair,
Obedient to the baron's call,
Had come to greet him there.

De Bernival, with that blunt pride
Which best becomes the soldier's breast,
Ere he had got a foot inside,
With well-feign'd welcomes hailed his guest ;
And then, among a glitt'ring throng,
That clustered thick as barley ears,
He led him till they came along
Where Edmund supped 'mong jovial peers.

With courtesy as cold as scant
He rose and bow'd him to the chief,
Who in him marked full many a want
Of knightly honour and belief.
The baron gazed upon his son,
While o'er his brow a shadow pass'd
That lower'd awhile, and then swept on
Like rain-cloud on an April blast.

"Come take," at length he said, "the hand
Of him who oft thro' Imayle's land
Our headlong course has staid ;
The past he's willing to forget
As doth the sun—once having set—
The journey it hath made :
As streamlets that along their course
Commingle, gather greater force
As they approach the sea,
So, hence, in policy allied,
And in the bonds of friendship tied,
United may we be ;
And may the shamrock and the rose
Enwreathed, scare our fiercest foes,
Like some enchanted spell,
Till none shall dare—from east to west—
Attempt our lands from us to wrest,
Or 'gainst our power rebel !"

A smile, such as Iago shows,
When compassing Othello's woes,
O'erlighted Edmund's face,
And, with an almost fiendish look,
The proffered hand he coldly took,
And then resumed his place,
Half muttering, "This meet to-night—
Its seeming gaiety despite—
Is by a pall o'erspread.
At best 'tis but an overture,
A prologue, mystic and obscure,
Unto a deed of dread !"

The outlaw paused to be assured
What meaning lay in those strange words
That 'mid the festal scene, conjured
A dream confused of blood and swords.
Then murmured, "Like some oracle
Of which mythologic writers tell,
Or our own Banshee, whose low wail
Ill tidings heralds to the Gael,
He speaks in measured terms of awe,
Amid this gay festivity,
As if, with prophet-eyes, he saw,
Like Daniel, in Belshazzar's hall,
Strange omens of sad destiny,
Traced on yon festoon'd wall!"

Then passed they on amid a crowd
Of ladies fair and gallants proud,
Who, half in tones of awe,
Admired the form, gait, and face,
Stamped with the signets of the race,
Of Imayle's bold outlaw.

At length they paused before a seat
On which there sat a maiden sweet
As ever yet, to mortal ken,
Was limned by chisel, brush, or pen.
"Elnora,"—thus the baron spoke,—
"This is the chieftain who oft broke
Upon our slumbers with his kerne—
Imayle's famed prince—the brave O'Byrne!"

"And this," said he, with proud delight,
"Is my fair niece and guardian sprite,
Who's known alike to friends and foes
Throughout the isle as 'Drimna's Rose:'"
Then adding, "I will leave her now
Within your charge, and make my bow."
The portly form of "mine host"
Among the rev'lers soon was lost.

With eye whose glance at once betray'd
His thoughts, and all her fears allayed,

The outlaw, heedless of the throng around,
Then to the maiden thus his speech unwound,—
“Fair lady, ’mid my native glens,
And hills to heaven’s heights upraised,
Above the power of poet-pens
I’ve heard thy matchless beauty praised ;
But blush not if I tell thee now,
In words unshaped by flatt’ry’s art,
If thou wert free from engaged vow
I’d stake mine all to gain thy heart !”
“This nonsense hush,” Elnora said ;
“You Irishrie have honied tongues,
And ne’er to woman’s love e’er led
A lift that ye know not the rungs.
But happy am I now to meet
With one whose name to me had grown
Synonymous for foul deceit,
And ev’ry deed to darkness known.
Yea, doubly happy since I find
That, far from being the barb’ric foe,
By Edmund pictured to my mind,
Thy bearing has a knightly glow !”
“Thy cousin has,” the chief replied,
“Met me beyond the Dodder’s tide,
And there, methinks, I let him know
What metal’s in a native foe.
For *this* perchance he hates my name,
And seeks to rob me of my fame ;
But deem me not, I pray, too bold
If what I tell were best untold.
He’s thy betrothed, and as such,
Suspicious of the winds that touch
Thy cheeks and lips with am’rous breath,
Or wanton with the charms beneath
The foldings of that golden hair
That seems design’d all hearts to snare !”
“Enough ! enough !” Elnora sighed,
“I am, ’tis true, his plighted bride ;
But he and love—pure and untaint—

Have not, I fear, had much acquaint,
For, bent so much is he on war,
All else upon his thoughts doth jar,
And, to his eyes, the torch of Fame
More brightly burns than Cupid's flame !”

Like sunshine to the budding flowers,
Or rain unto the parching earth,
Fell these sweet words, in dulcet showers,
Upon his ears amidst the mirth ;
And, like an opening in the skies,
By saints expiring seen in dreams,
A passage to her heart his eyes
Beheld illumined with hope's beams.

Ecstatic throbblings choked his speech,
Tho' thoughts trooped to him by the score,
Like dense jammed crowds that cannot reach
The threshold of the opening door,
Or like the sands within the glass,
Affected by the weather,
From globe to globe that try to pass,
But clash and clog together !

“ Lady,” at length he falt'ring said,
“ If I aright interpreted
Thy gracious speech, thou dost not deem
Mars' torch extinguishes Love's beam,
Or that his vows are insincere
Unto the lady of his love,
Who lives without reproach or fear,
All lowly littleness above ;
Or that the man who, sword in hand,
Falls on the battle-field,
The shrines and homes of native land
From tyranny to shield,
Is by the nature of his trade
Debarred from feelings high,
And that, beyond his cherished blade,
No other love may lie !”

"Thou hast," said she, "divined aright
The feelings that I hold sincere.
Far from me be it ere to slight
The true and valiant cavalier
Who, in a sacred cause to fight,
Grasps musket, sword, or spear.
Not such the soldiers I contemn,
But those of craven soul,
Who, Canute-like, would dare to stem
Progression's onward roll!"

"Right noble words!" exclaimed the chief,
"Of beauty brimful and belief;
Enriched with treasures pure and good,
Unranged by cunning arts,
Altho' alas! but understood
By sympathetic hearts!
To arms, fair lady, as to love,
My luck I owe in now being here,
Therefore all other lives above
The soldier's is to me most dear!
"But now, enough—the mirthful dance
Invites us to its circling arms—
So come, within the rope advance,
A Cleopatra in thy charms!"

Unto the whirling vortex then
He onward led the beauteous maid,
Who blushed and smiled, and blushed again,
At ev'ry compliment he paid.

His stately yet elastic step,
Her dignified yet graceful air,
Made gossipers all bounds o'erleap,
With admiration of the pair;
But oft, while treading through the dance,
They saw, beneath a thin disguise,
A demon lurk in ev'ry glance
Upon them thrown from Edmund's eyes!

Discordant as the click of chains
Grates on the captive's ear,
To him the harper's gayest strains
Vibrated sad and drear;
And, maddened with the burning gall
Of jealousy and hate,
He left his partner in the hall,
And sought his chamber straight;
And there, 'mid silence and alone,
Essayed to stay the sigh
That burst forth in a tort'ous groan,
Like the unearthly cry
Of heard when from the crater's zone,
In volumes fierce and high,
The burning lava is upthrown
Towards th' unheeding sky !

Then, snatching down a rosary
That hung beside his bed,
And placing 'neath his bended knee
A Bible seldom read,
He poured the passion of his soul
That—prairie-like—had grown
A fiery-furnace, past control,
No power could calm or drown.
And, with resonant voice he swore
Such oaths as might the damned
When on their phrensied souls the door
Of hell for aye is slammed—
While grasping, with clench'd teeth, a sword
His sires with laurels wreathed—
That, till O'Byrne's heart it gored,
In scabbard he'd ne'er sheathe it !

Canto the Second.

Heard ye in Bohernabrena's vale,
A deaf'ning din your ears assail ?
Or, passing nigh Slievebloom,
Saw ye, upon the neighb'ring heights,
A hundred fires, like beacon lights,
The earth and air illumine ?
These sounds, alas ! were battle notes,
Vibrated from the brazen throats
Of Edmund's hireling crew ;
And, mingling with them, o'er the strife,
Arose the cries of child or wife,
Whose sire or lord they slew.
The clouds of smoke, and sheets of fire
That, ev'ry moment, mounted higher,
Till linked seemed earth and skies,
Came from the burning hamlets where,
Like Lucifer amid hell's glare,
Before men's startled eyes,
The form of Edmund, like a mast,
Towered upward, and around it cast
A weird and spectral shade ;
While through the flames, like furies crazed,
With blast and bar his henchmen razed
What e'er their progress stayed !

Impelled by hell-born hopes and hate,
Until the hours had gathered late,
He spurred his panting steed ;
Nor left he unexplored a spot,
Where man or beast had shelter sought
In direful days of need.
But all in vain—no sight or sound
Could of the outlaw-chief be found,
Nor could the whispering tongue
Of trembling friends or traitor foes,
For threat or bribe, the veil unclothe
That round his movements hung.

Through tort'ous paths and stages slow—
Chagrined and disappointed now—

De Bernival returned ;
Nor did he cease his steed to goad,
Until, high glim'ring o'er the road,
The lights of Drimna burned.

Then looking back—above—below—

Far o'er the country of Imayle—
Oh, how he saw, with wild delight,
Before him borne upon the gale,
Conflagrant fires' terrific glow,
Such, as of old, the Israelite
Beheld, upon an autumn night,
When, all around, vast burning trails,
Like comets in their wayward flight,
Pursued the foxes' torch-lit tails
Among the spreading fields of corn
That waved so goldingly that morn
Throughout Thamnatha's verdant vales !

With vengeance in his looks and air,
He then his followers dismissed ;
And, alternating oaths with prayer,
So loudly that the guards could list,
He cried—"By Him before whose power
Potential monarchs' heads must cower—
By honour's soul—by kindred ties,
And all the hopes that Christians prize—
If hence O'Byrne comes this way,
I swear my sword his path shall stay !"

Then, goaded by a vengeful hate,
And rankling neath a rival's smart,—
He added—"May the fury Ate
Her aid lend to my dexterous art,
And nerve my arm a blow to deal
Such as at Troy's embattled gate,
Made Lycoan to Achilles kneel
In abject suppliance prostrate !"

He ceased, and then, with wistful look,
Strode o'er a bridge that spann'd the brook,
Where often he, at eventide,
Had wander'd by Elnora's side ;
And then, in squadrons dense and vast,
A thousand recollections rose,
Like spectral shadows from the past,
That with grim malice mocked his woes !

Now like a lambkin frisking o'er
The spreading pastures wild and free,
Again thro' garden, grove and bower
He saw her bask with childish glee ;
And then with airy step and laugh,
And hair distended on the breeze,
From Pleasure's cup he saw her quaff
The draught that shows to youth no lees ;
And all her beauties—one by one—
He saw like petal-flowers unfold
Till, riped by Time's maturing sun,
No lovelier maid could man behold !

All this, alas ! he saw, and then
His thoughts, like steeds that spurn the rein
And will not be controlled,
Or like the waters in a fount
That, spite our efforts, will remount
Unto their height again—
Burst forth in frenzied speech that rung
The echoing woods and hills among—
“ Mine she shall be tho' hell itself
Before me ope'd its yawning gulf
When once the rite was o'er,
As Samson—thro' Delilah base,
Condemned to drudgery and disgrace—
The temple's pillars tore,
And, with them in his last embrace,
Sank down on Dagon's floor,

So I—the hope of my proud race—
 Would sink bedew'd in gore,
If but, e'en for time's briefest space,
I could, in wedlock's bonds, enlace
 Her sylph-like form once more !
But soft my soul—what sounds are these
Around me wafted on the breeze ?
And say, ye powers ! at this late hour
Who tarries in Elnora's bower ?
I'll nearer go—but no—oh, God !
Why scourge me with a burning rod,
And all my hopes to ashes turn ?
'Tis she—'tis she and—John O'Byrne !”

As one who stands confused and stunned
By headlong terrors sweeping on,
Retreat or progress—both he shunned,
And stood as tho' transform'd to stone.
Immovable *without*, but oh !
 Within heaved volumes of unrest,
Like quick-sand shoals that never show
The ills they screen 'neath ocean's breast !

With stealthy step and bated breath
At length he sought a clump of heath
From whence he could, with safety,
Their converse hear and movements see.

“My dreams of joy,” the maiden said,
 “With sorrow-shades are overcast,
E'en as yon moon is overspread
 With clouds that gather dark and fast.
Foreboding ills by day and night
Pursue me, waking or asleep,
And e'en this morning, with affright,
Impelled me from my couch to leap.
I dreamt that Edmund held my hand
 Before the altar of the Lord,
And that, in accents of command,
A voice cried out—‘Say not the word !’

The priests closed up their missal books,
And gazed around the aisle dismayed,
While pallid fear, in mien and looks,
Itself on every side betrayed.
Like stars beheld on stormy nights
That fade into obscurity,
Or like the hallowed passion lights
Extinguished at a Tenebræ—
The nuptial torches, one by one,
Expired before my startled eyes,
Whilst thro' the doors my bridesmaids ran,
And I awoke with choking sighs !”

“Fear not,” O’Byrne’s voice replied,
“Dreams are but phantasies at best
That o’er the waves of Fancy glide
When we’re with joy or grief oppress.
Fear not, Elnora, thou shalt be
The bride of none on earth save me,
For, mark me, should thy cousin dare
Unto the church thy form to bear,
E’en tho’ he hath thee at that spot
Where Faith, with sacramental knot
Ties Hymen’s bonds, ere thou couldst plight
Thy heart from thence to be his prey,
Down would I swoop, with eagle flight,
And bear thee to Imayle away !”

“Alas !” she sighed, while down her cheeks
Coursed pearly tears in bead-like streaks,
“Thy visioned future—bright and fair—
I fear shall prove a dream of air,
Unstable as the transient dyes
That mingling on the rainbow rise,
For fixed already is the day
That I shall give my *hand* away.
And further—I have Edmund’s word
Thee to pursue with fire and sword,
Until he hunts thee down, and then
Upon a gibbet towering high,

And looking out o'er Imayle's Glen,
He swears that thou shalt die!
But, hush!—what sound was that I heard?
Some spy, perchance, is lurking near,
Tableting every whispered word
That in the silence soundeth clear.
For now, by Argus-eyes pursued,
My movements are no longer free,
And pimping minions oft intrude
Their presence on my privacy;
So fare thee well,—I think it best
To bid thee now a fond adieu,—
We'll meet again, in heaven at least,
Should this be our last interview!"

As sinks the lily when the storm
Among the bowers its wrath hath spread,
So, while a tremor shook her form,
Upon his breast she leaned her head;
Within his arms her waist he clasped,
And with hot kisses prest her brow.
Then suddenly his sword he grasped,
And whisper'd—"To thy chamber now;
By safest pathway swiftly fly,
Whilst here, regardless of our foes,
I'll watchful stay until I spy
The light that from thy casement glows!"

Another burning kiss, and then
A pressure of the hand again,
Succeeded by a thrill
Such as the dying dreamer feels
When sounds, as if of muffled wheels,
His lonely chamber fill.
And then a whisper, low but clear,
And loud enough for Edmund's ear,
Stole from Elnora's lips—
"May heaven direct thee and protect
From all the snares that I suspect

Are set to trap thy steps ;
And true and constant as yon stream
Reflects the orbs that o'er it beam
With pure and tranquil glow,—
May we unto each other prove,
And ne'er forget—where'er we rove—
The troth we've plighted now !"
So saying, with one long, tearful look,
Her lover's last, fond kiss she took !

Affrighted then, did John O'Byrne
In haste from Drimna's grounds return ?
Not so, but with a firm tread,

He nearer to the castle moved
Until, at length, high o'er his head
Shone forth the lamp of her he loved ;
Then, like some gallant Troubadour
Thus let his soul in song outpour :—

Oh, come my love to fair Imayle—
Renown'd in song and story—
And share, amid its beauteous vale,
An outlaw'd chieftain's glory !

There rivers plunge in cascades wild
As those of Alpine valleys,
O'er which the bands of Tell defiled
And Hofer's soul still rallies !

Ambrosial flowers of radiant dyes—
The bow's well nigh excelling—
There leaven with their fragrant sighs
The winds about them swelling !

Diffusing health and plenty round,
There, over moor and heather,
Like sisters, in twin-union bound,
Roam Joy and Peace together !

Enthroned upon my chieftain's chair
Thou'lt rule with queenly sceptre

O'er realms bright as Eden's were
Ere sin found means to enter

Then come, my love ! to Imayle come !
Nor heed our foe's derision,
And thou wilt find within my home
Life yet has joys elysian !

He ceased, and while the echoes rung
Vibrating thro' the neighb'ring trees,
The latticed pane was open flung,
And softly wafted on the breeze,
Tho' oft disturbed by stifled sighs,
Unto her adoring Minstrel,
With throbbing heart and suffused eyes,
Elnora bade a fond farewell !

With throbbing pulse and eager speed
Then moved the chief to seek his steed ;
But scarce had he gone on his way
When, suddenly, a thund'ring voice,
In wrathful accents, cried out—"Stay,
And yield or fight ! Come, take thy choice !
No favour grant, nor favour crave,
Nor put off from the present *now*
The reck'ning I am bound to have
In full dischargement of my vow.
What means this speech, my name shall tell—
I'm Edmund—heir of Bernival !"

"And I," replied the Outlaw stern,
"Am known full well within your Pale,
And o'er the broad domains of Erinn,
As 'The O'Byrne of Imayle.'
And now, thou recreant to a race
That by the sword hath won its fame,
Say why dost thou my footsteps trace,
Like some base hound of blood-scent fame?"

"Thou knowest well," cried Bernival,
"Why thus, to-night, I've tracked thee out,

And with a glare that mirror'd hell,
Laid waste thy hamlets on my route.
What further of thee now I seek
This blade's the fittest tongue to speak !"
As swollen mountain torrents when,
Careering from a giddy height,
Embosom'd in a rocky glen
They meet, and mingling, seem to fight
Beneath a canopy of spray,
"Till, frothing still, they're borne away,
So did those rivals fume and fight,
While sparks like chaff before a flail,
In glitt'ring clouds lit up the night,
And focused round their burnished mail.
At length their blades, tho' deftly wrought,
Like brockle glass, snapped in their hands ;
Yet still unsated on they fought
With zig-zag skeins of native brands.
One moment—like the clouds of storm
That curb and keep their terrors pent
Till, overburdened with the swarm,
They burst, and give them furious vent—
They paused, and then upon the air
Arose a shriek, as of despair,
That rent the silent skies ;
While, rapid as a musket flash,
From out the moat arose a splash
That almost drowned the cries
Of Edmund, who, at one fell blow,
Sank to the turbid tide below
Before the brave O'Byrne ;
As Lucifer, when vanquished, might
Hell-ward have taken headlong flight
From Michael's vengeance stern !

Canto the Third.

The sun, with bright orient beams,
In grandeur rose o'er hills and plains,
And—wakened from their blissful dreams—
The feathered songsters piped their strains.
Long since the lark his nest had fled
And—like a spirit in the air—
Wandered and warbled overhead,
With thrilling voice his matins rare.
With dulcet notes of raptured song
The cuckoo hail'd the rising rays,
While, from the hedge-row choral throng,
Finch, thrush, and linnet poured their lays.
Roused from their soft and balmy sleep
By songs of joy and streams of light,
The blushing flowers began to peep
From petal-lids with dew-drops bright.
Groves, gardens, meadows, all around
Their gladness sang with jub'lant tongue,
While ev'ry zephyr bore the sound
Of music from the belfry rung !

The timid rabbits frisk'd about
The verdant fields, with dew still wet ;
While farmer-boys, with laugh and shout,
Unto their varied labours set.

So rose that morning, clear and bright,
As when, on Ararat,
Beneath an Iris-arch of light,
The ark in triumph sat.
But, ah ! unto Elnora's eyes
No radiance could it show,
And to her ears, 'mid muffled sighs,
It sang a dirge of woe.

Around in rich profusion strewn,
Lay glitt'ring gems and snowy lace,

And piles of flowers—the fairest June
Had wreathed Beauty's brow to grace!—
But all in vain—their glorious glare,
Like sunshine on a coffin-lid,
That shuts the loved one from our stare,
Now mockingly her hopings chide!

At length, to ease the rankling pain,
Outcome of hope and fear,
With eyes attent to bursting strain,
She gazed o'er far and near;
But ah, fond maid! she gazed in vain,
For Imayle's chief, with troop or train;
No sight or sound she saw or heard,
Of prancing steed or rattling sword,
But all was silent as the shore
Of some remote and tranquil lake,
Whose waters never washed an oar,
Or from their banks heard echo wake!

“Ah, me!” at last she wildly cried—
“Must I then be my cousin's bride?
If this, oh, Heaven! is thy decree,
Vouchsafe thy aid to bend my knee,
And from my rebel soul pluck out
The germinating seeds of Doubt.
Already, on my startled ear,
Resounds the booming of a bell,
Whose muffled notes inspire with fear
Appalling as a burial knell!
But let it ring, and snap its ropes,
Or with its clamour burst,
Till, silent, it lies like the hopes
My heart so long hath nursed!”

Assuming then a tranquil air,
She called her waiting-maids aside,
And, with despatch, bade them prepare
To robe her as became a bride,

With dext'rous art the task was wrought,
Without evoking smile or word,
Of thankfulness to them who sought
To probe the woe her soul absorbed,
Till sudden, as a rocket shot
With hissing force thro' stilly air,
A cry burst forth—"Sure God will not
Abandon me now to despair?"

Anxiety had paled her cheeks,
Tho' yet a roseate hue they wore,
Like tulip-shells that rest in creeks,
Along the Caspian's sparkling shore ;
Her eyes, tho' dimm'd by sorrow's shroud,
Retained the lustre of a gem,
Of which a king might well be proud,
If mounted in his diadem !

Soon, robed in angel white, and deckt
With festoon'd wreaths of fragrant flowers,
She look'd like one of God's elect
Departing from this world of ours ;—
Or like a virgin young and fair,
Condemned to death by pagan rite,
Who, undismay'd amid the glare
That sheds around its lurid light,
Moves on, with calm and holy smile,
To where, uptowering to the skies,
Ascends the sacrificial pile,
Whose flames, like furies, round her rise ;—
So she, to sate man's cruel desires,
Prepared to progress to that fane,
Around whose altar burning fires
Seem'd lit to wrap her soul in flame.

Slow through that hall, where banners gay
The trophies of hard-foughten fields,
Were hung in proud but grim array,
'Mong rusted swords and dinted shields,
Elnora, with her bridal maids,
Passed on, nor gazed about

On waving plumes or glitt'ring blades,
Nor heard she e'en the shout
That drown'd the harper's farewell song,
And shook the buttressed wall,
With thund'ring voice distinct and strong,
As earth's last trumpet-call !

Soon, mounted on her snow-white steed—
A present of pure Arab breed—
Elnora, from the home she loved,
With beating heart now slowly moved.
Attracted by the music's sound
The peasants flocked from fields around,
And, with admiring awe, surveyed
The long and gorgeous cavalcade.
First rode the heralds of the Pale,
The troopers next, and knights in mail ;
And then in smoth'ring lace-clouds hid,
Elnora passed, her maids amid,
Surrounded by a glitt'ring train,
Of kinsmen from across the main,
While Edmund, in rich trappings drest,
Rode lastly with his sire, abreast !

Thus on, by Kimmage of the hills,
By Crumlin of the crystal rills,
Thro' open roads and shady ways,
The pageant passed, in noon's full blaze,
Until, beyond the fields of green—
Tinged with a sea of glorious rays—
The city's countless spires were seen,
Towards heaven their tap'ring tops to raise.

At length, from Patrick's ancient fane,
The greeting bells, with vocal throats,
Bade welcome to the bridal train,
In loud and clear, yet dulcet notes.
But louder still another sound
Arose upon the zephyr's swell,
That made the steeds with terror bound,
And 'gainst their reins and bits rebel.

And louder, nearer, louder still
 Echoed that shout in Edmund's ears,
Till bodings of fast coming ill
 O'erflowed his heart with craven fears.
The bridal maids, like timid sheep
 That seek the hedge-row in a storm,
Entrenched themselves where, long and deep,
 They saw the awe-struck troopers swarm,
But not Elnora—she delayed,
 And anxiously watched Imayle's kerne,
As forth, like ocean waves, they spread
 In surging columns round O'Byrne!

But vain, alas! my feeble pen
 To graphically outline that fight,
Where, out of twice two hundred men,
 Not twenty saw the morrow's light;
And vainer yet the baffling task
 To limn a picture true of her
Who saw the sparks from shield and casque
 Around in blinding cloudlets whirl!
Like corn on a sickled field
 She saw her guards in clusters fall,
Till, with despair, the remnant wheel'd
 Obedient to the Baron's call—
"This way, this way for Bernival!"
 "For Bernival," all tongues replied,
"This way!" and then, like waves of hell,
 They, seething, plunged on ev'ry side!
But all in vain that desp'rate charge;
 The kerne closed on them like a wave
When it engulfs a fragile barge
 And sweeps triumphant o'er its grave!

At length, from round a sudden turn,
 And waving high his sword o'er head,
Elnora saw the plumed O'Byrne
 His course direct to where she stay'd;

But lo ! just as he grasped her rein,
In front his rival foe appeared,
Spurring his steed o'er dying and slain,
Till, cheek by jole, the pair he neared.
When, turning on him with an oath
Of vengeance fierce and full of scorn,
The outlaw cried—"The thing I loathe
O'er all on earth of woman born,
I thus strike down !" then with a blow,
Such as Boru, on Clontarf's plain,
Unsparringly dealt Viking foe,
His casque and skull he cleft in twain !

No time to parley now with thought,
So clutching at Elnora's rein,
O'Byrne in brief words besought
Her instant flight across the plain.
Alas ! fond maid ! what shall she do,
Since kinsmen, guards, and plighted lord
All, all of hers, save Baron Hugh,
Have fled, or lie upon the sward ?

And he who wrought this direful woe
Invites her hence with him to ride,
That, in redeemment of her vow,
She may become an outlaw's bride.
What shall she do ? O question dire !
Which all, or nearly all, have felt,
When 'twixt their int'rest and desire,
Perplexing doubts obtrusive knelt.
What shall she do ?—but brief the time
To parley with her throbbing heart—
"Stay !" Duty said, but Love sublime,
In whispering accents, cried—"Depart !"

And so she turned her horse's head,
Intent with him on taking flight,
And following where'er he led,
Unquestioning the wrong or right ;
But ere a sod their steeds had crossed,
The Baron, with a gesture wild

As Rachel's for her children lost,
Drew near them crying, "She's saved, my child !"
Then, raising high his battle blade,
And shouting loud, "Down, hellwards, down,
Thou conjurer of man and maid !"
He cleft in twain O'Byrne's crown !

Here pause we not nor seek to rend
The veil by Sorrow's fingers thrown
O'er her who, reft of kin and friend,
Now felt as tho' on earth alone !

Anon St. Patrick's muffled bells
Began their dirge-like notes to toll,
Like Sorrow's voice, at intervals,
Out bursting from the frenzied soul.
And soon, with funereal rites,
Beneath the hallowed chancel's shade,
The corpse of Edmund, borne by knights,
Was to its resting-place convey'd ;
While, far away, o'er hill and vale,
Where Kilnosantan lifts its head,
The lifeless chieftain of Imayle
Was left among his kindred dead.

But where Elnora, since away
From Drimna's lord she took her flight ?
No tongue decisively could say,
Nor gossip, e'en by chance, guess right.
Perhaps to some secreted place—
Some last resource for danger made—
Where none who now survived could trace
Her whereabouts the maiden stray'd ;
Or yet, perchance, beneath some roof
Close by the city's southern gate,
She hid from pity and reproof,
And wept in silence o'er her fate.
But would she thus act could she know
How thick and fast her absence piled

A weight of overwhelming woe
On him who loved her as his child?

With anxious care the groves and bowers,
The hills and dells and plains around
He searched, but ah ! his flower of flowers
No trace had left that could be found.

Betimes he knelt and wept and prayed,
And pray'd and knelt and wept again,
And oft resignedly he said—

“Thou knowest what is best for men.
“My son, my only son, O Lord,
Thou hast in life's full bloom struck down,
And left me but the sad record
Of hopes and joys for ever flown.

But tho' Thy wisdom has bereft
My soul of all it treasured best,
While reason lasts, and speech is left,
Thy name shall be o'er all names blest !”
Not Job himself, when crushed and tried,
His resignation nobler proved
Than Baron Hugh, when from his side
Misfortune's blast swept all he loved.
Oh ! thus some hearts, like sterling gold
Passed thro' the purging flame's ordeal,
Display their virtues manifold
When tried in sorrow's crucible !

But short his hours of anxious thought,
Though age-like they appeared to him,
For when with grief our mind's distraught,
Time ling'ring lags with lazy limb.
One morning glib-tongued Rumour spread
The tidings all the Pale around
That o'er her lover's turf-crown'd bed
Elnora had at length been found.

Swift-footed steeds bore loving friends
Forthwith across the mountain ways,

Nor stopt they till, where Liffey wends,
Saint Anne's lone cloisters met their gaze.
Then stealthily entering, one by one,
'Mong tombs and mounds they quietly stept,
Until they near'd the cross of stone
'Neath which the gallant Outlaw slept ;]
When lo ! before it they descried,
Immovable and fixed as Fate,
Garbed in the raiments of a bride,
Elnora, lying inanimate.
Her snowy veil they gently raised,
And brushed her golden hair aside,
Then felt her pulse, and called and gazed,
But all in vain—no voice replied.
Thro' purpled lips, bereft of taste,
Reviving stimulants they poured,
And from around her sylph-like waist
Sundered the tight and girding cord.
But tho' Æsculapius stood by
With all his restorative art,
Not even he could light that eye,
Or fuse again that throbbless heart !
And now she lay, beyond all power,
Like some fair blossom rudely snatched,
A moment since a lovely flower,
And e'en in death a thing unmatched !
As surgeons, ere the skin hath cleaved,
Re-ops betimes a new-made wound,
So now, where late she knelt and grieved.
Afresh they cut the hallowed mound.
Then with lamentings deep and loud
Her face beneath her veil they hid,
And without habit, beads, or shroud,
Her corpse laid on his coffin-lid !
And there, upon her lover's breast,
While Time rolls on his tide,
Elnora lies in blissful rest,
O'Byrne's death-made bride !



Sonnets and Similes.



I.—DAWN.

Lo ! in the East the vapoury clouds are fleeting
Before the morning's first, faint, kindling dawn ;
While, from his bed, the Delphian god is greeting
The upland meads without a sigh or yawn.
With wingèd haste behold them all receding
As if they feared to meet his warm embrace,
Like nymphs surprised while in a streamlet bathing
They fly as tho' a satyr gave them chase !
Back from his path, with far extending arms,
He flingeth fast the curtains of the night,
Until, at length, the earth unfolds her charms,
And basks in all the glory of his light !
Oh, thus, I often wish, when my existence
Seems but a sombre and uncertain day,
That, through Life's vistaed and far-spreading distance,
Hope's radiant dawn may chase my doubts away !



II.—SUNSET.

FAR in the West the god's departing beam
Still fondly lingers o'er Eblana's towers,
While here, around me, gardens, fields, and bowers
Are all immersed in one rich, rubious stream.

Thus parting friends assume a cheerful smile,
 Tho' woes in troops be gath'ring round them fast,
 With fond emotion they review the past,
 And with its reflex gild the coming while.
 E'en so thro' life—Hope tints with visions bright
 Each turn we take from cradle unto tomb ;
 Until, at last, 'mid Death's encircling gloom,
 She images a land of pure delight,
 Where endless day its ceaseless course shall run,
 And God himself be the eternal Sun !



III.—THE CAPTIVE TO THE STAR.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING, 1882.

HAIL, Morning Star ! how welcome are thy beams,
 Around my cell diffusing their soft light !
 Perhaps some fellow-captive at the sight
 Of thee beholds—nor fancies that he dreams—
 The eye of his beloved, whence tender streams
 Of sympathy and pride, commingling, stare.
 Wrapt in a reverie, awhile he deems
 That she o'erwatches with unwearied care ;
 Nor can he aught more fit with her compare
 Than thee, pure messenger of sunlit hours,
 That, like a herald, seems to cry—prepare
 And greet with banners, music, song and flowers
 The first centennial of a year whose glare
 Reflected still, enzones this Isle of ours !



IV.—FANNY PARNELL.*

With harp in hand, I saw her pass along
Garbed in a robe festooned with shamrocks bright—
A queenly form of graceful mien and height,
With measured footstep falling like her song,
As tho' beneath her tread she trampled Wrong.
Gold-tinctured tresses clustered evenly
Around a brow of clear and tranquil light,
And eyes—ah, me! of them what shall I say?
That from the stars seemed to have robbed their ray—
Pure, soft, and grave, and yet withal could be
Mirthful as childhood or ideal May,
And mirror love with tender brilliancy,
Or fiercely kindle, when to burning words,
With minstrel power she swept resounding chords

* The gifted sister of the Irish leader was a poetess by inheritance as well as in her own right, the first member of her family of any celebrity in Ireland being Dr. Thomas Parnell, the famous Archdeacon of Clogher, and the Rector of Finglas, who was born in Dublin in the year 1679. His father, Thomas Parnell, was descended from an ancient family that had for some centuries been settled at Congleton, in Cheshire. He had been attached to the Commonwealth party, and upon the Restoration came over to Ireland. Hither he carried a large personal fortune, which he laid out in the purchase of lands in various parts of the kingdom. The estates thus purchased, as also those that he possessed in Cheshire, still remain in the family. The son, who was endowed with considerable poetic talent, and a highly-cultivated literary taste, was not slow in recommending himself to the esteem and friendship of his distinguished contemporaries—Pope, Swift, Addison, and Steele, and frequent affectionate references to him will be found in the pages of their correspondence. Goldsmith was a great admirer of his poems, and, after his death, Pope made a collection of them, which he published in 1721. His life will be found in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," and his works in the series of duodecimos for which those lives were written. His children having all predeceased him, his extensive estates were inherited by his brother, John Parnell, a lawyer and member of Parliament, who became one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland, and married the sister of Lord Chief Justice Whitshed. From this gentleman the deceased poetess was lineally descended.

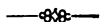
V.—MEMORY.

How like the well-remember'd tones
 Of some once sweet, now broken lyre,
 Whose breathing strings, from heav'nly zones,
 Seem'd to have caught celestial fire,
 And with wild rapture symphonized
 In dulcet unison each strain
 Warbled of old by lips we prized,
 But which we ne'er shall hear again,
 Is hallow'd mem'ry when it pours
 Over the grave of long-lost hours
 The silent tears of fond affection,
 And its communing spirit blends
 With travelled ones who love to mention,
 In grateful phrase, departed friends !



VI.—BENEVOLENCE.

LIKE summer sunshine bright'ning up the bowers,
 While balm inhaling from the od'rous flowers,
 Which, by its gen'rous heat and genial light,
 From germs and petals wake to glad our sight !—
 Thus should the owners of earth's fruitful soil
 Co-operate to aid the tiller's toil,
 Facilitate him in his honest aims,
 Nor tax his labour with exacting claims ;
 His anxious fears and doubtings lull to rest,
 And with *security* inspire his breast.
 If thus they'd follow where their duty lies,
 Attendant fortune on their steps would rise,
 And, like the sun, glad with the sweets it gives,
 They'd find true life but in benevolence lives !



VII.—PERCY B. SHELLEY.

LIKE rivals for a prize, defiantly
The elements contended for his bones,
Whilst far beyond the highest aerial zones
His spirit sped with hope reliantly !
Oh ! then his fav'rite clouds burst smilingly,
And gladden'd larks, in coveys dense and vast,
Their songs of rapture pour'd forth as he pass'd,
Vibrating his sweet strains beguilingly !
Within the spanless realms of mighty Jove
Apollo's choirs attuned their jub'lant lays,
To pæans wild with welcome and with praise,
While Liberty, in concert sweet with Love,
Advancing proudly, cull'd from off her bough
A fadeless wreath, and twined it round his brow !



VIII.—UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

THE thrill of pleasure, like the sudden ray
Of cloud-pent sunshine o'er an inky sea
Of stormy waters, bursteth doubly gay
When, all unlook'd for, it steals suddenly,
And gilds the gloomy surface of sad thought,
Whose under-current is by ills distraught.
Or, like the genial and reviving light,
By summer scatter'd over northern climes,
As if for winter's long and dreary night
To compensate them full a thousand times.
So doubly welcome, beautiful and bright,
And jubilantly gay as bridal chimes,
Emblazoning life's dullness till it glows
Unlooked-for pleasure God on man bestows !



IX.—THE RIVER.

WHO that, alone, strays by some river's side,
Its wayward waters watching as they glide,
And, pausing now and then, stands listening
To the monotonous melodies they sing
In melancholy chantings, and sees not
A mirror'd image of himself outwrought?
Driven thro' channel'd ways from coast to coast,
By sorrows chequer'd, and by tempests lost;
E'en, like a bubble wand'ring on life's tide,
And blown by ev'ry breath from side to side,
Until, at length, sped to the yawning shore
Of that dark ocean we must all explore,
He, like its waters, swallow'd in the sea,
Sinks in the maelstrom of eternity.



X.—THE FATE OF BEAUTY.

IN quest of Beauty some go wandering,
And, when they find it, from the parent stem
Unfeelingly snatch off the lovely gem,
Just as they would a rose-bud blossoming
Cull in a garden bower, and from it bring
To toy and trifle with upon their tour,
Until, at length, the petal-bursting flower
Falls all to pieces from rude fingering.
Oh, thus, alas! full many a beauteous thing,
In luckless hour by heartless man espied,
Is robb'd, and crushed, and crumpled in its pride
Then, when too late, 'tis found a withering
From cruel neglect, flung callously aside
To sink or swim upon life's passing tide.



Xl.—LEAVING HARBOUR.

ALL hands embarked, the gallant ship
Prepares to leave the harbour's side,
So heaving anchor, from the slip
She slowly turns to breast the tide.
And soon the busy-peopled quay,
And all the buildings of the town,
Fade, one by one, in turn, away
Like shadows from a lantern thrown,
Until, at last, not e'en a speck
Appears above the horizon,
And we in sadness quit the deck
To muse o'er pleasures past and gone
So fades this world and all its things
Before the dying mortal's sight,
While, speeding on, the spirit wings
To heaven or hell its destined flight !



XII.—THE BREAKERS AND THE ROCK.

LIKE surf-topp'd breakers that, with idle toil,
Lash some huge rock, and back again recoil,
In baffled billows bursting o'er the sea,
And then, in mists phosphoric, melt away—
E'en so come fancies from their charm'd cave,
Cresting, in triumph, each succeeding wave,
And, for a moment, with tremendous strain,
Surround and almost overwhelm the brain ;
But Reason, high enthroned as on a rock
Triumphantly repels each puny shock,
Till all in turn, discomfited, retire,
And in oblivion's sea, for aye expire !



XIII.—MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.*

THE savage wolf will prowl for prey,
 The hungry hyena will feast
 On ev'ry form that fronts its way,
 From human down to that of beast.
 When gorged with copious draughts of blood,
 And cloy'd with flesh of victims slain,
 The tiger, still in quest of food,
 Unsated roams the forest plain.
 But, if the luxury we'd know
 Of keen, excruciating pain,
 That, vulture like, can, inch by inch,
 Our vitals from our breasts outwrench—
 Regardless of each tort'ous throe—
 In man alone we'll find such foe !

—88—

XIV.—A TRUE PLEASURE.

OH, there are tongues that speak of pleasure,
 And hearts that feel the throb of bliss,
 But unto me no earthly treasure
 Tendereth joy so sweet as this—

* " We all know that in the best of men and women there lies a rightful capability of evil. Goethe nobly acknowledged this in himself, and the history of mankind proves it. There is in human nature a wild beast, a machairodus, a devil, a brute, call it what we will, which is always secreted in the human heart, and which springs into savage and cruel life under temptation or opportunity. Many of the most terrible tyrants the world has seen have been apparently gentle youths until the possession and intoxication of irresponsible power entered into them. The passion for destruction is still so natural to the human beast that he cannot taste of it without drunkenness, and thirst to return to its fierce delights. All history shows this, from the Asiatic or Roman annals of autocratic blood-lust to the lessons of the French Revolution in the last century, or the Russian fury against the Jews in this immediate hour."—"Ouida."

To wander thro' the olden time
With youth's recurring hopes and fears ;
To climb the heights of manhood's prime,
And slide the slope of gath'ring years ;
To pause and pass in sad review
The scenes where early youth was spent
With all we loved, and all we knew,
Free from the world's entanglement.
Oh, this were pleasure true and unalloyed—
An oasis bright amid life's dreary void !



XV.—LIBERTY.

WHERE dwelleth Freedom ?—Ask the honey bee
Winging its way among the perfumed flowers,
And it, in buzzing tones, will answer thee—
" 'Tis found in flutt'ring thro' the groves and bowers.'
But is it freedom thus awhile to bask
In all the radiance of a summer's sun ?
Alas ! not so ; since it hath got a task
That with each morning is again begun.
There's nought around that hath not in its core
Some impress left by Slav'ry's branding stamp ;
The very waves that lave our Island-shore
Are, in their motion, subject to his grasp ;
Man, beast, and bird, frail shrub, and sturdy tree
Obediently bow to relentless Need ;
Nay, e'en the winds, that sweep o'er earth and sea,
Evolve or curb, at his behests, their speed ;
Our souls alone, unswayed and unconfined,
Can image Freedom truly to the mind !



XVI.—THE IVY AND THE OAK.

BEHOLD yon oak, with its titanic strength,
Unto the skies uprearing its huge length,
While, far extending round its branching arms,
In clinging folds the mantling Ivy swarms.

In this fond union tenderly entwined,
 Say :—Has preceptual Nature not designed,
 In the grand outlines of her all-wise plan,
 A rustic moral to unfold to man ?
 Unchanged and changeless in his glorious form,
 Supporting us thro' ev'ry trial and storm,
 With His extended arms display'd above,
 Inviting us to realms of joy and love,
 Does not our Father, in this image, teach
 The climbing soul how high its steps should reach ?



XVII.—A LESSON FROM NATURE.

FAR o'er the world, where'er our views incline,
 What written lore is half so sweet as thine,
 O, faithful nature ! let the worldling look
 For wisdom's moral on thy open book,
 And there, impressed in vivid types, he'll see
 How far beyond the crabb'd philosophy
 Of earth's most honour'd and enlightened sage
 Is ev'ry lesson that adorns thy page !

Thy rich productions contemplating, who
 Can pass them on in thoughtless, cold review ?
 From the small insect atom that the eye
 Almost in vain endeavours to descry,
 Up to the huge leviathan, whose roar
 Like thunder rolls, and shakes the savage shore ;
 Or the small herb that scarcely gathers root,
 Up to the towering elm or oak that shoot
 Their mighty arms to heaven, but must see
 In thy all fair and full variety,
 The finely finished moulding of a plan
 Of which the perfect master-piece is man,
 If robed in righteous rectitude—if not,
 Upon thy brow the most dishonouring spot !



XVIII.—MOORE.

Oh ! there were bards who strung Apollo's lyre,
 And tuned their lays to Anacreon's lute,
 Who sung of Bacchus, Beauty, and Desire,
 To harmonies from past'ral pipe and flute ;
 But ne'er since things inanimate and mute
 Orpheus charm'd on Arcadian strand,
 Did melody the human ear salute,
 So weird and sweet, so tender, and so grand
 As that set free by Moore's magician hand !
 Roused by his strains from their lethargic sleep,
 His helot-brothers saw Hope's bow expand
 Across the op'ning skies with wid'ning sweep,
 And, upward springing, then with dauntless tread,
 They followed on where e'er their Moses* led !



XIX.—A SEASIDE SIMILE.

WHEN anxious cares fade with the closing day,
 I often wander by Killiney's strand,
 Or round the rugged and steep cliffs of Bray,
 That rise like sentinels to guard our land !
 'Mong tow'ring rocks, and overhanging crags,
 I love to clamber and inhale the breeze,
 Standing alone like one of Landseer's stags,
 The sky above me, and beneath—the seas !
 And often, when the frothed waves are lashed
 To fury by the merc'less tempest-thong,
 And forked lightnings from the heav'ns are flashed,
 I watch a barque tossed by the breakers strong.

* O'CONNELL.—“ That great, good man who first the lesson taught—
 That what a nation steadily pursues—
 Unstained by sin, unsullied by a crime—
 Howe'er delay'd must yet be hers at last !”

Mrs. ELLEN FITZSIMON,
Daughter of the Liberator.

And when I look again and see it safe—
 Beyond the beacon-tower—within the bay,
 While just outside the bar, the wild waves chafe
 Like baffled hounds bewailing their lost prey !

Oh, then, I ask, that, like that gallant barque,
 Steering triumphant to its charter'd goal,
 All fearlessly and safe, as rode the Ark,
 O'er life's mad waters I may steer my soul !

And that, like it, when comes the storm sublime,
 And demon-doubts upheave their treach'rous tide
 Across Death's bar, and o'er the shoals of Time
 Into God's haven it may calmly glide !

—❧—

XX.—AN AUTUMNAL RAMBLE.

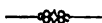
LET us to the mountain side, Annie,
 Ere the hoary frosts appear ;
 The flowers we loved, in their fairest pride,
 Have languished awhile, then droop'd and died,
 As their with'ring breath drew near.

Ah! at length, unto winter yielding,
 The earth lies sterile and cold ;
 The once-fruitful fields look lone and bare,
 And, like phantoms hov'ring thro' the air,
 Dark shadows we'll soon behold !

Is not this, alas ! symbolical—
 A type of our changeful life ?
 Its spring and summer sped fast away,
 Now Autumn passes, with short'ning day.
 And soon winter comes, my wife !

But bravely we have climbed, Annie,
 With eyes ever fixed above,
 And tho' o'er our path the lightnings leapt,
 The thunders rolled, and the fierce winds swept,
 In our hearts lived Faith and Love !

And oh ! many a time my Annie,
When sorrow drew near us close,
We saw in the change of leaf and sod
The watchful care of an all-wise God,
And sought in His love repose !



XXI.—DENIS FLORENCE MacCARTHY.

DIED APRIL 7, 1882.

DRY, Erin, dry thy tributary tear,
Since gentle Florence has come back to rest
His laurelled head upon thy loving breast.
Weep not, oh, weep not now above his bier,
But upwards look, and high among yon choir
Whose strains harmonious o'er thy ductile soul
Wieldeth a power beyond his sires* control,
Behold him stand with shamrock-wreathed lyre
Upraised above a vast and rev'rent throng
Of master-minstrels that from Oisín's days
To those of Mangan, but festooned the ways
For him, thy last and sweetest child of song,
Who, to our kindred ears, restrung the lays
Iberia† bard sung in her golden days.

* The poet was descended from a long and distinguished line of Irish kings, whose deeds of glory and of shame are duly chronicled in his beautiful ballad : "The Clan of MacCaura."

† Attracted to the study of Spanish literature by Shelley's translations of some scenes from "Calderon," MacCarthy translated, principally in the metre of the originals, six of that celebrated author's dramas—tragic, comic, and legendary—which he published in two volumes in 1853.



XXII.—THE EVER-GREEN OAK.

WHEN wintry tempests rob the sheen
Of beauty from earth's verdant cloak,
How proudly o'er our village green
Upreats the form of yon green oak.

And yet, in summer hours, have I
Gazed on its russet boughs, and said,
"Its shadows spread so wide and high,
I wish that dull, dark tree were dead!"

But now, when all around is bleak,
And stormy gusts sweep road and field,
With eager steps I turn to seek
The shelter it alone can yield.

Ah! thus it is, while Fortune's ray,
Like summer's glory, girds us round,
We bask in Pleasure's perfumed way
Till flowers and foliage strew the ground.

Till friends, like leaves in eddies borne,
That dance away and disappear,
Without a sigh leave us forlorn
While sorrow-clouds come hov'ring near.

Oh, then, when all save life is lost,
How worthless seem the things we prized,
While what we should have cherished most
Was left neglected or despised.

With crimson'd eyes, and hearts that burn,
We *then*, like prodigals, invoke
Our Father's freedom to return
And shelter 'neath His fadeless oak.

TO J. J. CROSTHWAITE, ESQ., J.P.,

On reading of his munificent gift of £1,000 towards the funds of
St. Michael's Hospital, Kingstown.

By nature's God cast in a noble mould,
And dower'd alike with virtue and with gold,
'Tis thine to strew with ever open hand,
And gen'rous heart rich blessings round our land,
And, ere life ends behold with gladden'd eyes
The products of thy bounty round thee rise !
Men such as thee need neither tomb nor bust
To keep their fame from crumbling with their dust.
E'en when this Pile that now with open door
Awaits the poor that suffering to it pour,
In days remote perchance shall cease to be,
Yet still undimmed shall live thy memory,
Linked with the text that Time shall round it bind—
"He greatest is that's grateful to his kind !"





Miscellaneous Poems.



THE MAGNOLIA OF MAILLENDIERE.*

'Tis full one hundred years ago,
Since, where Missouri's waters flow
In might and majesty, there stood
A youthful exile musing o'er the flood;
Who oft, with soul-dilated eyes,
Gazed round on that Magnolia wood,
Whose foliage curtained off the skies,
And spread o'er miles of solitude!
Then, as the grateful fragrance stole
Thro' sense to the insensual soul,
His thoughts, on light'ning pinions spread,
Back to his native river fled;
And thence to one whose chief delight
Of all delights in blossoms lay—

* Amongst the multitude of trees which stud, in innumerable masses, the banks of the Missouri, the Magnolias and Rhododendrons are the most remarkably striking, and, in the season of bloom, their splendour exceeds, perhaps, anything else in the world. The lower Himalayas alone can produce a somewhat similar sight, but not so majestically grand and imposing. Individually the trees which, for the most part, grow on sites pre-eminently calculated to show them off to the best advantage, such as the topmost summits and most dangerously precipitated slopes of the hills, cannot be said to be finer or handsomer than many other objects of the vegetable kingdom, but their great size, immense numbers, and wonderfully profuse inflorescence, come upon the traveller in such an indescribably grand combination as utterly to set aside the more brilliant glory of less extensive views.

The idol of his heart, whom he
Was sundered from for many a day—
And he resolved, all ills despite,
Attent on winds and sea,
To send to her so far away
A young Magnolia tree !
The wild waves spared it, and the wind
Withered it not with breath unkind.
So beautiful and strangely sweet—
So stately, tho' forlorn—
It charmed for once their dread deceit,
And to Theresa's garden bowers—
Beneath Maillendiere's ivied towers—
Uninjured it was borne.
Alas ! if from its kindred's side,
And their green realms of freedom wide,
It now should feel upturn ;
And gazing round, and seeing no glades,
Nor od'rous bowers nor broad arcades,
In voiceless anguish mourn !
Or yet, perchance, at lonely hours,
Like ghosts, the scents of prairie flowers
May on the winds be borne,
Till it, responsive, makes reply,
And homeward wafts its mournful sigh,
Of hope or promise shorn !
But no ! that trophy which his hand
For her had culled on foreign strand
Was fated not to fade,
But still to bloom and blossom on
As if beneath Columbia's sun
Its boughs their gems displayed.
It lived beneath the skies of France,
And flourished 'neath their blue expanse
With slow but stately grace ;
Till, seeming to her silent glance
As though thro' it he spoke
Of feelings years could not efface,
Nor the dividing gulf of space,

Nor all the storms that broke
Around his way, who now again
Was on the broad resounding main
Returning to his land and love,
Well laden with the golden fruit
For which he went in hot pursuit
Through western wilds to rove.

Henri, the brave and fond, alas !
Was ne'er across those seas to pass,
Which lay 'twixt him and home ;
For, scarce had he made one day's sail,
When rose a fierce and fearful gale,
That lashed up frothed foam.
The clouds grew darker, and the rain
In simoom gusts swept o'er the main,
Till birds were seen to drown !
The thunder roll'd with deaf'ning peal,
And shook the ship from prow to keel,
And, ere an hour had flown,
Amid convulsive groans and sighs,
While forked light'nings lit the skies,
The shattered wreck went down !
Then, not the sweet Magnolia's own
Mute whisperings could lull the lone
Theresa's grief to sleep.
'Twas but a little while she pined,
Then calmly passed away, and joined
Her lover in the deep,
Leaving no earthly thing behind,
Save that lone tree to weep !
But not deserted long remained
The home of her so fond and true—
A stranger came with gold, and gained
This paradise then known to few ;
And often as he strolled along
Where she, with softest step and song,
Her fav'rite plants had trained ;

One wondrous laurel, towering high
O'er all its beaut'ous fellows nigh,
His earnest gaze enchained,
As yet its buds had not outblown,
But soon, in dazzling crowds,
Forth from their nest of swany down
They burst in snowflake clouds,
Oh, then, not e'en Apollo's tree
Could rival it in majesty !

It happened then at sunny Nantes
Was held a tournament,
To which the chivalry of France
And all her beauty went.
And one who knew all plants and trees
That bloomed at home or 'yond the seas,
Among the courtiers came, and bore
A tiny branch all blossomed o'er
To Princess Guinevere—
An offering meet that she might wear
Enwreathed in her golden hair,
Or on her jewellèd breast.
The Princess gazed upon the prize
With joy-dilated, sparkling eyes
That all her soul confest ;
Then, turning from the lovely flowers,
The gallant knight she asked—
“ Oh, where—in what enchanted bowers—
In what new world, more fair than ours,
Beneath what sunbeams basked
These blossoms, in whose breath there lies
A fragrance worthy of the skies ? ”
The knight recounted there and then
His tale to Guinevere :
And when he ceased she said—“ Again,
Pray turn to Maillendiere.”

The high-born dames all crowded round
As nearly as they might ;

And with a deep-drawn, whisp'ring sound
Its peerless beauty praised 'yond bound
 With fathomless delight.
Full soon the monarch's eagle eye
Beheld his daughter fair
Amid the brilliant throng draw nigh,
 With flower-deck'd breast and hair,
And soon a royal oath he swore—
Such as his court ne'er heard before—
When he beheld the spotless hue
Of these sweet flowers, so strange and new,
And felt their balmy odour spread
 From ceiling unto floor—
As if Cashmere its bloom had shed
 Through court and corridor !
Impatient wonder in his look—
Plain as the index to a book—
At once convey'd to Guinevere
 Her royal Father's wish to hear
Where these bright flowers had grown ?
"My sire,"—'twas thus the Princess spoke—
"These gem-like blossoms you behold
 My tresses all enzone,
By far Missouri's banks awoke,
And thence were sent in shielding fold,
 Unto a maiden here
E'en by a Gallic exile bold
 Who held her love most dear.
He followed fast his beaut'ous gift
 Across th' Atlantic wave,
But soon alas, beneath its drift
 He found a shroudless grave.
For twice six months she mourned her swain,
 And watched the tree with care ;
And now, beneath Our Lady's fane,
 She sleeps in Maillendiere."
The monarch smiled, and sniffed the air
 That floated through the room,

Then said—"This tree of blossoms rare]
Our gardens shall illumine—
For, certes, as gold prevails on earth
And I of France am king,
We'll have this plant of foreign birth
Removed before next spring—
Were it at half our realm's expense—
To where it shall be sought
By those who love magnificence
In nature, art, and thought.
So chariot it to dear Versailles,
And there let it be grown,
Where it may load the passing gales
With fragrance all its own!"*
Howbeit, for once a tree defied
A monarch in his pomp and pride—
For Louis learned that it would die,
Though cheered by his own kingly eye
If rooted from that soil
Where loving hands, in days that were,
Had planted it with fondest care
And heart-delighted toil.
Reluctantly and slow the King
Resign'd his royal will,

* This love of transferring rare and beautiful plants to the Royal Gardens was a well authenticated characteristic of the French Kings. The magnificent orange tree in the orangery of the Palace of Versailles, known as the "Grand Connétable," is more than 450 years old. It comes from the pips of a bitter orange sown in a pot at the commencement of the 15th century, by Elenore of Castile, the wife of Charles the III., King of Navarre.

The trees which sprang from them were kept together in the same enclosure at Pampeluna until 1499.

In 1684, or more than two centuries and a half after their production, those trees were transferred by order of the King of France to the Royal Gardens at Versailles, where, to the present day, the "Grand Connétable" enjoys a healthy vigour, and, notwithstanding its patriarchal age, betrays no symptoms of decay.

When full assured that it would bring—
Should he his vow fulfil—
Death to that loveliest thing.

So there the sweet Magnolia stayed,
And for its lucky owner made

A fortune and a fame,
Since every flower superb it bore
Brought him its weight in golden ore,
And troops of ladies came,

And freely spent vast sums to own
E'en but a blossom scarcely blown

To budding infancy ;
If but assured that it had grown
Upon that matchless tree.

Ah, well I ween that not for gold
Would its dead mistress e'er have sold

A blossom, spray, or leaf ;
Nor would she part, except for love,
With any plant within that grove

So sacred to her grief,
Before she left it to behold
The Tree of Life above !

.
In after years, serene and still,
Its parent forest lay,

Whilst wand'ring on by vale and hill,
And laughing at man's sway,

With mighty volume uncontrolled
The broad Missouri proudly rolled

On its majestic way.

But over Europe havoc swept

With wings extending far ;

While mankind fought and women wept
Behind Bellona's car !

Led by Gallia's meteor star,

Past sped that fiery trail of war,

Whose splendour seem'd to fill

A startled hemisphere, that woke
To find vast clouds of flame and smoke
Enshrouding vale and hill !
Proud kings, whose sires, in former days,
Had won the purple and the bays
On famous battle-fields,
Were, by his minions, dragged to earth,
While o'er their thrones, with fiendish mirth,
He raised usurping shields—
Proclaiming ev'rywhere that he
Ambitioned but mankind to free
From Despotism's rod,
Till, flushed with triumph, power and fame
With impious pride he dared to claim
Th' attributes of a God !
With terror struck, a trembling world
Saw Kings against this Czar
Advance with all their flags unfurled
Amid the pomp of war.
Then louder than the thunder's crash,
And brighter than the lightning's flash
From Jove's high portals hurled,
Arose the dreadful din and glare
From cannons' throats and sabres bare,
Vibrating through the skies.
While from the lips of brave and bold,
Who lay all ghastly, pale and cold,
Upon the war-path's bloody mould,
Were heard expiring cries !
Ah, then was seen the thrilling sight,
When to Maillendiere reach'd the fight,
With all its devilry ;
Full soon among Therese's bowers—
Attracted by the castle towers—
The owner saw with agony
A blinding mist in burning showers
Enwrap his favourite tree ;
But, though its leaves so glossy rare,
And all its snowy blossoms were

Crisped by the crackling glare,
Yet, strange to record, it was not
Predestined with its fellows' lot
A fiery grave to share
All unconsumed it lingered on,
And patient care revived
That tree which through the waves had gone,
And now the flames survived.
And there within that sunny land's
Old garden bowers, they say,
The beautiful Magnolia stands,
Love's record to this day.



“A MERRY CHRISTMAS!”

“A MERRY CHRISTMAS!”—O, glad, welcome words,
As angel greetings unto saintly ears,
Ye thrill my heart e'en to its inmost chords,
And wake the music of departed years!

Again I hear the sweetly-ringing chimes
I hailed with pleasure when a thoughtless boy,
And 'neath my window, list the carol'd rhymes
Sung by the children full of life and joy.

The village church bedeck'd in varied ways
With ivy wreaths and holly festoons bright,
The village choir intoning hymns of praise,
With lips as fervent as their hearts were light.

The plenteous dinner in the cosy parlour,
The jovial gath'ring now so rarely seen,
The love, the truth, and O! the burning ardour
Revive again, and speak of what hath been!

I gaze around upon the smiling hearth,
And then, in thought, I fill each vacant place,
Whilst in mine ears there rings a sound of mirth,
And kindred lips spread kisses o'er my face!

I feel the pressure of heart-holding hands,
And tight'ning arms encircling round my form,
While gentle voices issue soft commands
To bring forth "something speedy, strong, and warm!"

I meet the kindly glances of fond eyes—
The fondest I, on earth, have ever found,
Whilst, on the walls, I see the legend rise—
"A Merry Christmas unto all around!"

Thus, dear ones gone before, do I recall
With tenderest love your fadeless memory,
And now, I feel, your ransom'd spirits all
Around His throne keep His nativity!



MY VALENTINE.

My Valentine! my Valentine!
Who is she, do you think, sir!—
That maid to whom at Hymen's shrine
I've vowed my faith to link, sir!

No angel is she, or a saint,
No nymph, or fawn, or fairy,
Nor model meet to sculp or paint—
Bright, beautiful and airy!

Nor is she one unholy love
Might seek in hours of pleasure,
Nor can she flaunt—all baits above—
A store of golden treasure!

Her tongue's not fluent in the wit,
Or learned in the stories
That drawing-room annalists transmit
Of fashion's transient glories!

Yet, tho' she is no fay or fawn
Begot in realms ethereal
Whose glance is bright as morning's dawn,
And step like that of Ariel.

Oh ! there's something in her air
Unknown to slavish fashion,
That, at one glance subdues the stare
Of every lowly passion.

Her simple eloquence is lit
By sympathy's pure glowing,
When gen'rous souls to ill submit,
And kindred tears are flowing !

And, tho' devoid of wealth and birth,
She holds God's glorious patent,
To prove the dignity of worth
O'er titles vague and vacant !

Oh ! surely none more bright or good
Outside the gates of Eden ;
E'er cheer'd earth's dreary solitude,
Or eased a life o'erladen !



MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

HERE the gay daughters of prolific spring
Their fairest flowers and fruits were wont to bring,
While the glad scenes of each returning day
New beauties borrowed from the glorious ray
Which Hope—that vague and visionary thing—
Presented to my youthful imaging !

Here often, then, when sunset paled her fire,
My feet—responsive to the rural lyre—
'Mong lads and lassies tripp'd the village green,
While old and young enjoyed the mirthful scene,
And with their laughter filled the hills around,
Till nature's choir re-echoed back the sound.

And often here, at this old garden gate,
In musing mood I've stood to contemplate
The budding boughs, festooned with vernal green,
That margined all the cultured fields between,
While soaring o'er my head, till lost to sight,
The feathered warblers winged their skyward flight.

The charms that then entranced my boyish eyes
From distant seas to still more distant skies,
Yet, in their outward semblance, are the same
As when I left them in pursuit of Fame,
And, with unlessened powers, they still control
And hold in tender bonds my captive soul.

Alas! that it should be, but so it is—
E'en while enraptured for an hour like this
My trav'ling eye scans each familiar scene,
My musing mind will dwell on what hath been,
And, spite my manhood, with a burning glow
Adown my cheeks unbidden tears will flow.

Eternal and unchangeable as Truth,
Nature in age preserves her pristine youth;
Spring, summer, autumn, pass, in turn along
Mid showers and sunshine, flowers and fruits and song,
And then, with tottering step and snowy hair,
Old winter maketh way for his young heir.

E'en so till time its final course hath run,
The circling seasons will still journey on,
Depart, and re-appear, but when—oh! when
Shall they bring back those long-lost friends again
Whose very names, like figures traced in sand,
Have been well-nigh erased from memory's strand?

No more within the village church can I
A friendly face on Sabbath-day espy,
Nor, on the lone and now deserted green
Can aught familiar once be heard or seen,
Nor even from around the alehouse hearth
Ascends a sound of old convivial mirth!

Gone—gone—for ever gone, alas ! are all
 In early youth I used “mine own” to call ;
 Gone like the sparkling bubbles on a stream
 That gem-like shone in April’s transient beam,
 Or like the leaves by autumn breezes strown—
 All, all have gone, and left me here alone !



THE GRAVE OF TESSY.

Lo ! yonder, where the rankling grasses wave,
 My Child-Wife lies within her lowly grave !
 Ne’er more at eve shall I behold her wait
 To bid me welcome at the garden gate ;
 Nor shall I e’er again, delighted, hear,
 Warbled to music, softly sweet and clear,
 The rustic rhymes and sadly-limping lays
 I penned for her in long-departed days ;
 And never—never more—throughout all time,
 Shall we the hills above Kilgobbin climb !*

Ah, glorious hills ! beneath thy shelt’ring shade
 Of shrubb’ried copse how oft have we delayed,
 And, lost in admiration’s depths profound,
 Stood speechless gazing on the scenes around ;
 In pensive thought communing each our share,
 While ev’ry breathing breeze of perfumed air
 That fanned our temples as it passed along,
 In tones Æolian, sang some spirit song !

Oft since those days, in melancholy mood,
 I’ve wander’d to this grave and o’er it stood
 Enwapt in visionary doubts and fears
 Lest none who know should tell in after years
 Our orphan’d children of that parent fond,
 Who loved them with a love all loves beyond !

* The hills of Ballyedmunduff and Ticknoc, from which magnificent panoramic views of the city, county, and bay of Dublin can be obtained.

But now above that hallow'd spot I see
The white-robed form of angel purity
Standing for aye, in silence and alone.
These lines perusing on the sculptured stone,—
"All that could keep affection's bonds secure,
As lovers ardent and as angels pure,
Chaste, simple, meek, of every beauty full
As that sweet flower which virgin fingers cull,
Ere it hath lost the first, fair snowy streak
That blooms unblemished on its velvet cheek !
All that we prize most precious in youth,
The essence, unalloyed, of Love and Truth,
Adorned with virtue's blossoms, like a thing
Devoted for an altar's offering ;
All heavenly fair as aught beyond the skies,
Nipp'd in its op'ning bud, here mould'ring lies !"
With tear-dimmed eyes that but too plain betray
The grief that, unrestrained, will have its way,
I turn my steps, when, lo ! a figure grand,
With star-crown'd brow and skyward pointing hand
Approaches nigh, and whispers in mine ear—
"That lily pure you held in life most dear,
Transplanted by God's angels and restored,
Now bloometh fair in Heaven's congenial sward,
Without the clogging aid of earthly clay,
Clad in a glory that shall ne'er decay !



TO COLUMBIA.

O WESTERN world, whose shores enfold
'Neath Freedom's radiant glance,
Homesteads wherein the brave and bold
Wear Plenty's cheerful smile,
And from whose docks and factories
Men, youths, and maids advance
Singing the olden melodies
Their sires sang in exile !

The flapping of the war-fiend's wings,
Or thunder of her guns,
Shall rouse no more thy slumberings
With cries of kindred hates,
Nor shall thy matron's sobbings
Be heard bewailing sons
Who, with proud and patriot throbbings
Rushed to thy southern gates !

Yet leaguered are thy cities all
By alien hosts of might,
Who thro' the year, from spring to fall
Recruit and fill their ranks,
And then in phalanx onward move
Undaunted to the fight,
To die or win for those they love
A home upon thy banks !

They are coming—ever coming
With fast and ceaseless tread,
Without banners, guns, or drumming,
From the Baltic to the Rhine ;
From bright India to green Erin,
Where the land's with shamrocks spread,
By day and night they're steering
Across the pathless brine !

From childhood's homes and parents' graves
From kindred, shrines, and all
That with a nameless power enslaves
And fascinates the mind,
They come to keep thy Titan form
Erect and proud and tall—
A beacon-tower to stem the storm
Of tyrannies combined !

O glorious refuge—safe as great—
Huge ark by God designed
To shield the poor and desolate,
Who'd perish but for Thee—
High o'er 'Thy starry standard spread,
With pinions unconfined,
Till Time's Æons to space have sped
May man thy Eagle see !



THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

THRO' nature's pathways tread this world around
From vine-clad vales to shores by ice-bergs bound,
But ne'er wilt thou in all thy wand'rings gaze
Upon a scene more worthy poet-praise
Than that beheld when, 'mid the tints of morn,
Thy barge steers proudly thro' the Golden Horn,*
And Stamboul's town, in gorgeous vesture drest,
Reflects a glimpse of "Araby the blest !"
Oh, then set free excursive fancy strays
Along the bridle paths of ancient days,

* "The Golden Horn is a bay of which the Seraglio-Point and the port of Top-Hané form the two capes, and which penetrates into the city, lying in an amphitheatre upon its two shores, as far as the 'Sweet Waters,' and the mouth of the Barbyzes, a little tributary stream. Its name of Golden Horn is derived, no doubt, from its forming a literal 'cornucopia' for the city, and contributing to its wealth by the facilities which it affords to the shipping, to commerce, and to naval constructions. To the right, beyond the sea, rises an immense building, regularly pierced by successive ranges of windows, and flanked at each angle by a sort of turret surmounted by a flag-staff. It is a barrack ; the largest building, but by no means the most characteristic, in Scutari—the Turkish name of that Asiatic suburb of Constantinople which displays itself on returning from the borders of the Black Sea, and lies upon the site of the ancient Chrysopolis, of which there now remains no vestige. A little more remote, in the midst of

And, drawing aside oblivion's inky pall,
Restores and peoples temple, tower, and hall.
As tho' around lay some vast solitude,
She wanders on in contemplative mood,
Oft pausing by some cypress-planted grove,
Where rest those heroes of her youthful love,
Whose brains creative shaped vast events
That through all time shall be their monuments.
As Venus from the waters clear and deep,
So from the Bosph'rous Stamboul seems to leap,
And upward lift, in their resplendent dyes,
Her countless domes and min'rets to the skies.
While all along, in clusters round the shore,
Like wearied toilers when the day is o'er,
In strag'ling groups, and odd disorder'd lines,
Roofs of antique and quaintly-shaped designs
Arise 'neath towers that still gaze proudly down
With jealous eyes on Byzantium's town!
As modest maids with eager steps retire,
When round them gather youths of lewd desire,
So, shelter seeking from the ruffling seas,
The gentle wavelets seek sweet coves and leas,

the waters, rises, upon an islet of rocks, a lighthouse of dazzling whiteness, which is called Leander's Tower, or otherwise the Maiden's Tower, although the place has nothing in harmony with the legend of the two classic lovers. This tower, elegant enough in form, and which in this clear air looks like alabaster, forms a superb contrast to the deep blue of the surrounding waters. At the entrance to the Golden Horn Top-Hané appears, with its landing-place, its cannon foundry, and its mosque, with the aerial dome and slender minarcts, built by the Sultan Mahmoud. The tower of Galata—the quarter occupied by the Frankish commerce—rises in the midst of the houses, covered with a brazen cupola, and towers above the ancient Genoese walls, which crumble at its base. Pera, the peculiar residence of the Europeans, crowns the summit of the hill, with its ranges of cypress trees and its mansions of stone, forming a striking contrast to the wooden barracks of the Turks.”—*Constantinople of To-day*, by Theophile Gautier.

Beneath the shade of that vast aerial dome
By Islam raised in rivalry of Rome,
To where, in garb of purity array'd,
Like Faith triumphant, firm and undismay'd,
Defying the tempest and the thunder shocks,
Leander's tower stands throned amid the rocks ;
A beacon safe, when helm and compass err,
To guide the tired and sea-tost mariner.
Thus, 'neath an azure sky, 'mid cypress bowers,
Rich with the odour of sweet-smelling flowers,
Enraptured gazing, like a new-made bride,
At her own charms reflected in the tide,
A peerless gem, tho' circled by decay,
The City of the Sultan stands to-day.



THE PAST.

"There is no sense of pleasure more intense than that experienced in revisiting those scenes where we were born, where the objects around became dear to us before we had known the labour of choice, and where the outer world seemed only an extension of our own personality."—GEORGE ELIOT.

OH ! who does not with joy refer
To days of happiness that were,
When soaring hope, in life's young spring,
Thro' fancy's fairy realms took wing,
Ere yet her flights of spirit-revel
Succumbed to weary, foot-sore travel ?
Who does not love, in manhood's prime
To wander out at summer time,
Along the far extending shore,
And list enraptur'd to the roar
Of surging waters that appear
Still singing to his list'ning ear
The same sublime and solemn chant
They sang when years and cares were scant ?
Or who does not, in after years,
When autumn's self in grief appears

For all the joys that pass'd away
With transient summer's genial ray,
Far from the busy town's control,
With melancholy pleasure stroll
Thro' paths with yellow leaves o'erstrewn,

Along the river's winding way,
That lead to some deserted ruin

Dear to the thoughts of childhood's day—

Some silent mill or ivied tower,
Relics of ancient trade and power,
Or roofless fane, whose echoing aisles
With ghosts are throng'd when Luna smiles,

Meet spots for contemplation's self
To muse o'er Time's destroying gulf?

And tho' sad thoughts may intervene
Of what we *are* and what we've *been*,

Yet is it not a pleasure, say,
To re-live o'er each vanished day,

And, as the setting sun looks back
Its travelled course again to track,

So man before his race has run
Regards the scenes where it begun!

Oh! who in such a mood will not
Revisit each familiar spot—

The well-remember'd village school,

Where tasks and play held rival rule,

The way-side inn, where travellers bent

Their steps till storms their terrors spent,

And in a cosy corner sat

To have their ale and jovial chat?

Who does not then, in such an hour,

Recall, with mem'ry's vivid power,

And count again, in sad review,

The lost whom here in youth we knew;

The fond, the faithful, the adored,

Whose names by death have long been scored;

The parents, brothers, sisters, all

Whom we with pride *our own* could call;

Whose presence lent a pure delight

To Sabbath eves of quiet rest,
Or met, on many a festive night,
With warm heart the welcome guest ;
Nor feel a sadness in his soul
That suffuses his eyes,
To think that on Time's whirling roll
Their forms will ne'er more rise !
When such associations plead,
Hard is the heart that will not bleed
At sight of those dear scenes where once
We gambol'd oft in innocence,
Or when, above the tree-clump nigh,
The chimneys of our home we spy.
And greeting us as if it were
Our garden fav'rites round us rear
Their crowding forms in vernal dress
Of rich and fragrant loveliness,
While slowly on the zephyr steals
The sweet and solemn vesper peals.

Oh ! there's a something undefined
That fascinates and sways the mind,
Which things that pass or things that stay
Cannot from mem'ry steal away ;
Which laughs at Time, and, bridging years,
In pristine look and garb appears,
And haloes with unfading tints
All that its lum'nous seal imprints.
Like some meandering stream it grows
The stronger it the longer flows,
And like it, tho' it runs alway,
It lingeringly loves to delay,
Until at last eternity
Engulphs us in its yawning sea.

As gifted souls who love to sing
Songs of their own imagining,
In minds congenial recreate
The inspiring wish to emulate

Each other's thoughts, until they seem
 To fuse themselves into their theme ;
 Or, as oft found with melody,
 Whilst o'er the wave the swelling notes
 Seem warbled by angelic throats,
 A sound comes to us thrillingly,
 Tho' nought be seen to strike the string,
 Or tell his name whose minstrelsy
 Can so much dulcet pleasure fling
 To him who, far-off, wistfully,
 Enchanted stands a listening !

So Time across its tide doth cast
 Reverberations of the past,
 Thrilling the heart with many a thought
 Of hopes that no fruition brought ;
 Whose soothing, rapturous influence
 Is so absorbing and intense
 It girdles with its weird control,
 And captivates the entranced soul
 Whose feelings gush, like ocean springs,
 From boundless sources hieing,
 And flow in vocal murmurings
 Exhaustless and undying.



AN ASPIRATION.

Oh, had we but the power—we have the will—
 Of him; the Seer, who bade the sun stand still
 How would we elongate youth's glorious day—
 Pursue the rain-clouds from our paths away—
 Draw from the flaming orb a heat benign,
 And with increasing lustre bid it shine,
 Until our souls, with joys excess opprest,
 Sought halcyon peace upon their Maker's breast !



ON THE RIVER.

HOLDING hearts were hands whenever
To her cottage home I went,
And as sparkling as the river
Shone the eyes on me she bent.

Ah, how fleet the hours flew over,
And how brief seem'd ev'ry tale
Told of chieftain, bard, or lover,
Once renowned in Innisfail.

And how oft, 'mid joys entrancing,
Would my thoughts, like truants, roam
From the music, wine and dancing,
To a fancy-pictured home.

And as one who in a vision
Soars on spirit-wings from earth,
So my dreams, on clouds elysian,
Rose beyond control or girth.

Oh, then throbb'd my heart with pleasures
Such as victors only know,
Or young artists 'mid art-treasures,
Or bards with thoughts aglow.

And when ev'ry guest was speeding
Each one on his homeward way,
Her fond glances, gently pleading,
Bade me ling'ringly delay.

Then upon the Dodder gazing,
With unutterable glee,
I would coin, with power amazing,
Full many a simile—

“With that stream whose rocks and arches,
And a mill-race fain would tear,”
I, one evening, said, “Life's marches
Might truthfully compare.

"Blent again we see them gliding,
Tho' oft parting company,
So, in spite of gulfs dividing,
Should our journeys ever be."

Oh, like music shell-enwreathed,
Then a whisper reached my ear,
Sweet as maiden ever breathed—
"We will sail together, dear!"

And, soon after, from that dwelling
By the Dodder's rippling tide,
That was, like her bosom, swelling,
She came forth a blushing bride!



THE DESERTED MANSION.

THE faded leaves are falling fast,
And through the trees the winds are sighing,
As if to mourn o'er summer past,
And all its glories, dead or dying.

'Tis evening, and the dusky shades,
Of twilight dim the landscape lonely;
No sound the silence deep invades,
Save echoes of my footfalls only.

The dreary gloom—the pensive hour—
The pale moon o'er the mountains peeping,
Seize on my soul with thrilling power,
And waken thoughts long calmly sleeping.

A structure now arrests mine eye,
In gloomy grandeur darkly frowning,
With balconies and turrets high,
Its stately front majestic crowning!

But bleak it looks, and lone and drear,
Its windows dark, no ray revealing,
To tell of warm and social cheer
Within this old ancestral dwelling.

“Deserted!” answer ivied walls,
Dismantled roof and crumbling towers,
And ye once gay and dazzling halls,
Where sped the golden-winged hours!

Ah, me! how sad to contemplate
This monument of ancient glory,
With carv'd armorials o'er its gate,
Once borne by men renown'd in story!

Where now that gay and glitt'ring throng,
Fond votaries of fleeting pleasure,
That here awoke the festal song,
And lightly trod the rapid measure?

Where now the host, with aspect bland,
His honour'd guests urbanely greeting
With beaming smile and proffer'd hand,
That told how welcome was the meeting?

And where those dames and maidens fair,
Who thro' these halls with pluméd charms
Awaken'd many a gallant's stare,
And crimson'd many a rival's arms?

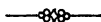
And where the children blithe who played
On this green sward, once decked with flowers,
Or, hand-in-hand, together strayed,
'Mong alcoves green and sylvan bowers?

Alas! in yonder graveyard lone,
Where cypress trees, with dewes are weeping,
Beneath full many a mould'ring stone,
All in their clayey beds are sleeping!

Thus those we love from earth depart,
Like fragile flowers they droop and perish,
Until, at length, the broken heart
Has nothing left to love or cherish.

Ah, thus Time's waves oblivious flow,
With stemless force, still onward swelling,
Till not a trace is left to show
Where man hath reared his proudest dwelling !

But look, my soul ! above yon sphere
That spreads around its vast expansion,
And see ! the lost and wept appear
All waiting us in God's own mansion !



STANZAS ADDRESSED TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

WHAT tho' my features wear a smile,
And Joy seems rev'ling in my tone,
Oh, trust me inwardly the while
My heart and I are oft alone !

Then musing fondly we revert
To blissful days that used to be,
When 'neath the walls of old Ardfert,
We twined twin-wreaths of poesy.

And, over-bridging many a year,
And many a sun'dring stream and hill,
In tight'ning bonds that draw us near,
We feel ourselves communing still !

Then Mem'ry brings, with magic power,
A vistaed glimpse of vanished youth,
When, rich in Virtue's fragrant dower,
We travelled, hand in hand, with Truth !

Oh ! *then* my tongue lisps hymns of praise
That Pleasure's tide or Sorrow's blast
Can not—e'en for an hour—erase
The impress of that blissful past !



THE OLD SCHOOL.

HAIL scene belinked with happy days,
That, long ago, were mine,
Ere I had trod the tort'ous ways
That traverse Life's design !
All radiantly Religion's beam
Here dawn'd upon my youth,
And, thro' my soul, transfused its stream
Of pure and tranquil truth.
How oft, within those classic bowers,
Have I closed up my books,
And, spell-bound, gazed around for hours
On Nature's matchless looks ?
Unchanged all outwardly appears
As when, with tear-dimmed eye,
And choked with struggling hopes and fears,
I falt'ringly said—" Good-bye !"
Unchanged I said appears the place,
But, ah ! that it should be—
'Tis changed, indeed, since not a face
Meets mine familiarly.
Long-lost companions of those days—
Oh ! whither have ye fled,
Since I, in quest of wealth and praise,
That morning from ye sped ?
How many—lured by Fortune's smiles,
Or true to Duty's call,—
In leaguer'd towns or trackless wilds
Were smote by blade or ball !
How many—of their country proud,
And intent on its good—

Superior to the venal crowd,
 Have by its fortunes stood ?
 And, oh ! how many, it may be,
 Deceived by faithless friends,
 And urged by false Philosophy,
 Sought suicidal ends ?
 But cease, inquiring soul—ah ! cease,
 Since, plough'd by Time's rude share,
 The blossoms bright of joy and peace
 But scant fruition bear.
 Then weep them not—those dreams of bliss
 That whispered—"Only call
 On wealth, and fame, and happiness,
 And they to thee shall fall."
 Illusions, ah ! as false as sweet
 Ye charm no more my ear ;
 Like honied words, when wantons meet,
 I've found ye insincere.
 Yet, could I but regain my youth,
 Like Faustus, by some spell,
 A child among these bowers of Truth
 For evermore I'd dwell.



TO THE REV. M. A. JOY,

*Sometime Superior of the Christian Brothers' Schools,
 Synge Street, Dublin.*

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of Joy,
 Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy,
 That come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that he used to wear."

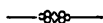
—MOORE (Adapted).

COMPANION of my life in by-gone years,
 Whom Friendship still unites and Time endears,
 As waking Mem'ry, truant wand'rer, strays,
 Along the beaten path of vanished days,

To scenes where Pleasure basked in gay disguise,
And Hope bred fancies tinged with golden dyes,
I feel that Time and distance but unite
The kindred thoughts of friendship and delight,
As varied hues, when vistas intervene,
By mingling oft but beautify the scene !

Friend of my youth, and destined yet with me
Perchance a fellow-labourer to be,
In dealing round soul-stimulating food,
And thus enjoying the luxury of good,
May our twain friendships undivided run
Like streams that crystallize by journeying on,
So that in truth, we may the saw fulfil—
"Love grows by time and distance dearer still !"

Then let us hope, as Friendship was the power
That magnetized our hearts in boyhood's hour,
It may with all our thoughts and actions blend
Thro' coming years, and unto death extend.
And oh ! if *then*, when my brief sun has set
Some cherished few in social converse met,
Shall congregate around your convent hearth
To while an hour with music, song, and mirth,
My hov'ring soul, in spite of bar or door,
Among you all shall mingle as of yore,
And, doubly bless'd, with grateful heart rejoice
To hear once more your fond, familiar voice
Vibrate the simple rhymes of him who drew
From your example all of good he knew !



THE POET'S CHRISTMAS.

A POET once sat in his garret alone,
Save, perchance, there was near a cosy-coiled spider,
On his table there wasn't a crust or a bone,
Or even, to soothe him, a mouthful of cider.

No oil in his lamp, and no fire in his grate,
No whiff-making pipeful of "twist" or of "mixture"
With which, like the seaman, he might mitigate
The ice chill that threaten'd to freeze him a fixture.

Without rang the joy-bells all over the town,
Anear pleasant voices concerted together,
And unheeding its sullen and deep-furrow'd frown,
From under the Mistletoe laughed at the weather.

Commingling emotions in trains hurried past,
While louder re-echoed the music and laughter,
Whose ev'ry refrain was a sleet-laden blast
That moaned like a Banshee thro' casement and rafter.

Yet kinsmen had he who held high merriment,
And spread before strangers their table's rich treasure,
In halls where the days of his childhood were spent
'Mid all the surroundings of beauty and pleasure.

But bah ! for Relationship's friendship—if poor
It shares with thee neither its coffer or table,
But callously bids thee thy sorrows endure,
And, Pharisee-like, points to God in a stable.

"And this," cried the bard, "is the Faith, Truth, and Love,
Proclaim'd from our pulpits, our synods, and stages,
Whose Gospel-light glory all others above
Has calendar'd *ours* among red-letter ages !

"Ay, th' age that a Mangan, and Griffin, and all
Whose fame o'er our isle flings a nimbus of glory,
Allow'd to pass on without homestead or hall;
Oft wearied and faint like the Homer of story !

"But oh ! 'tis a solace to b'lieve that a day,
When in Josaphat's valley all men must assemble,
Will dawn on this world when we'll hear with dismay
How few were the virtues so many dissemble.

" Then stricken with terror, like sails by a blast,
When wrench'd from its moorings the frail barque is riven,
The callous and cruel, in a cavalcade vast,
To the deepest of hells shall be ruthlessly driven.

" While first 'mong the phalanx in white vesture deckt,
With harps in their hands, and a standard above them,
Inscribed with the legend—' God's chosen elect !'
The lowly shall soar with the angels who love them."



THE RAINBOW.

WHEN o'er the inky pall of night
That draped earth's deluged tomb,
The dawning sun's resplendent light
Burst from its clouded womb.

Triumphantly, 'twixt sea and sky,
The leviathan sped,
Till loom'd a spot secure and dry
On Ararat's proud head.

Then while its freight, to earth restored,
March'd forth in mated ranks,
And Noah, humbly kneeling, pour'd
To heaven his jub'lant thanks.

Before the dazed and wond'ring eyes
Of man and beast and bird,
A glorious Arch of mingling dyes
Uprose o'er sea and sward.

And as it spread its girdling span,
The prophet cried, " Behold,
Jehovah's covenant to man
Is there for aye unrolled !

And hence, where'er our children dwell,
High over land or sea,
Before their gaze that bow shall swell
Its arch remindingly !"

But now, alas ! in vain its tints
Commingling span the sky,
Since " Love and Peace," the text it prints,
Men pass unheeding by !



APRIL.

WELCOME ! thou loveliest month of Spring,
With thy expanding days,
And thy coquettish skies that fling
Alternate show'rs and rays.

The gladden'd earth and sea and air
Are with thy fragrance rife ;
And vernal beauty ev'rywhere,
Is bursting into life .

The swelling brooks, and dimpling rills,
Their tides exulting pour ;
When, peeping o'er the smiling hills,
They see thy face once more.

Long-buried flowerets rise again,
Like spirits from the tomb,
And strew thy paths o'er hill and glen
With gems of rarest bloom !

Primroses pale in concert rise
With honey-suckles sweet ;
While violets ope their dark-blue eyes
Thy welcome steps to greet.

The lilac's cleaving cones have burst
Their snowy girdle's bound,
And, with the bloom the sloe hath nurst,
Bestrew the em'rald ground.

The children seek the willow groves
To pluck the "goslings"* there,
And twine them with their earliest loves—
The daisies meek and fair!

At thy approach, from out his bed
The lark soars towards the sky,
And trills his rapture overhead
To ev'ry passer by.

While from its foreign, wintry nest
The cuckoo home repairs;
And from its glad and vocal breast,
Pours forth its welcome airs.

There's health and freshness in the breeze,
And beauty in the skies;
While pleasant zephyrs fan the trees,
And bid the seedlings rise.

Sweet vernal month! I love thy train,
Of sunshine, clouds, and tears;
For, ah! to me they bring again
The joys of long-lost years.

* The catkins of the ozier, from their soft, downy appearance, are commonly called "goslings" by the peasantry.

And, gazing on the wak'ning earth,
O'er-stud with op'ning flow'rs ;
I dream of man's celestial birth
In realms more bright than ours !



SYMPATHY.

WHEN sympathy entwines its bonds around,
And kindred souls within its clasp are bound,
What melting, moving, mild, assuaging sense
Of holy-born and heavenly influence
Upon the sear'd and stricken one outflows,
Like balm of Gilead, healing up all woes !
What soul-enliv'ning charity it lends
To cheer the lonely couch of suff'ring friends
Communing with, pervading ev'ry part,
And lifting up the over-burden'd heart ;
A peace-imparting, halcyon, dove-like thing,
With hope and healing nestling on its wing !
Art thou oppress'd with sorrow's overflow
That round thee circles in a lake of woe,
Till sinks thy heart almost beyond reproof—
What herb or essence then can give relief
So soothing, and so grateful, tho' unbought,
As that by min'string friendship to thee brought ?
And when Life's taper to its closing wears—
Ere yet its flick'ring ray all disappears—
What softly-sweet, inspiring language lies,
Altho' unspoken, in expressive eyes,
Whose faithful mirrors vividly reveal
The fears and hopes that thro' thy bosom steal !
O ! then angelic sympathy doth hang
Above thy pillow, easing ev'ry pang,
By pouring unction o'er thy tortured breast ;
And, as life severs, soothing it to rest,
Until, at length, thy socket's failing sight
Expiring, sheds its last faint gleam of light ;

Or, should relentless fortune waft thee o'er
To some benighted, bleak, and unknown shore,
Yet even there—tho' lone and far away—
The pow'r of sympathy holds potent sway ;
For time and distance tend but to unite
The mingling thoughts of sadness and delight,
As wine with years its crescive flavour brings,
So faithful mem'ry its imaginings !
And when, at last, the wish'd-for moments come,
That with them bring thy wand'ring footsteps home,
Again restored—O ! who can paint the bliss—
The soul-suffusing flood of tenderness—
The hopes of welcome realised, then bring
In rich return for ev'ry parting sting,
From out the welling heart in bub'ling throes
That like a pent-up fountain overflows !
'Tis ever thus with Nature when she binds
In sympathetic bonds congenial minds,
When, circling round fond hearts, the faithful sun
Of unextinguished friendship liveth on
O'er time triumphant, and displays his beam
High o'er life's torpid and declining stream,
As bright as when, in early days, it burst
Above the spring in which that stream was nurst !
O ! thus around us sympathy doth cleave,
From op'ning childhood to the closing grave,
Imprinting on our hearts that sweet impress
Which Time's rude hand can never all erase ;
In pain or pleasure, present or apart,
Her tendrils, cling like ivy, round the heart.
Hers are the joys of youth, the stays of age,
Life's truest solace and best heritage !



CATHEDRAL MUSINGS.

BENEATH sky piercing and mysterious towers,
Whose history 'twixt Christ and Baalath lies
Nestling, like frightened flocks, from threat'ning showers,
Group'd ruins in ivy through our island rise.

And still, surviving thro' the length'ning years,
Around their walls a holy fragrance clings,
While to the b'lieving eye of Faith appears
A glory circling them with halo-rings.

But over all, e'en like those cedars high
That stood, of old, upon Lebanon's plain,
In sublime grandeur towering we espy
Those twin memorials of the Celt and Dane.*

Then, musing for awhile, what pageants rise
From out the portals of a buried past,
And follow on, in strange and quaint disguise,
Like tidal waters, placidly, yet fast.

Great chiefs array'd in rich, barbaric state,
With bards and Druids deem'd of sacred line,
Press onward till, at length, they congregate
Around the well-site of the earlier shrines.†

* St. Patrick's and Christ's Church Cathedrals, Dublin.

† In the year 448 St. Patrick converted the king of Dublin, Alphen M'Eochaid, and his subjects to Christianity, and baptized them at a well on the south side of the city, afterwards called "St. Patrick's Well," near which a church was erected about the same time, which occupied the site of the present structure. After undergoing many vicissitudes and sufferings in turn from the devastations of water, fire, and wind, it was rapidly assuming the appearance of a ruin, when fortunately for the honour of our country, this monument of the piety of our ancestors was, through the munificence of

Anon, behold their crown'd and laurell'd heads
Bending like corn before the reapers' scythes,
While, from an urn upheld by golden threads,
The saint pours water o'er the neophytes.

They pass away, and to this hallow'd spring
Another chieftain comes with troop and train,
Who, while hosannas rise and censors swing,
Displays the emblem of the kingly Dane !*

Fast closing on their ranks, amid a throng
Of clansmen he alone knew how to rule,
With princely mien a prelate glides along,
Who needs no herald to proclaim—O'Toole !†

Enthronèd, then, upon a 'broider'd seat,
Encompass'd round with bannerets and blades
We see proud Richard bid his soldiers greet
A nation's chiefs with regal accolades.‡

the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, restored, at an outlay of about £150,000, to all the grandeur and beauty of its original design. The re-opening ceremony took place on the 24th of February, 1865.

Sitric, Danish king of Dublin, gave to Donat, its first bishop, ground to build the church of the Holy Trinity, and also gold and silver sufficient to build the church and the court thereof. This was about 1038. The work begun by Donat was finished by Laurence, Archbishop of Dublin; Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke; Henry Sidney, Lord Deputy; Robert Fitz-Stephen; and Gerald Fitz-Thomas, Earl of Kidare; and, through the munificence of Mr. Henry Roe, Jun., was restored at a cost of over £200,000, and re-opened on the 1st of May, 1878.

* Previous to the erection of Christ's Church, Sitric, usually attended at St. Patrick's, where, on several occasions, Donat or Donatus, Archbishop of Dublin (whose remains are, it is said, still preserved in the vaults of St. Michan's Church), officiated and preached before him.

† St. Laurence O'Toole was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin in the year 1162.

‡ In 1394 O'Neill, O'Connor, O'Brien, and MacMurragh, "four of the most potent kings of Ireland, submitted to the king (Richard II.)

As fades the mirage from a trav'ler's gaze,
 So disappear the visions of our dream,
 When lo ! our mental eye a scene surveys,
 The strangest and most startling yet I deem.

Amid the thrilling din of fifes and drums,
 See ! borne within the sanctuary's ring
 A menial creature sprung from Oxford's slums,
 Yet in his outer moulding stamp'd "a king !" *

of England, but more through love than by battle or force." For a month previous "they were taught the usages of England," but "they refused to sit at table to dinner unless their minstrels and attendants were allowed seats with them, according to the custom of their country." They objected at first "to receive knighthood, observing that they had been created knights already when they were only seven years of age, but ultimately they acceded to the wishes of the king, and were knighted by him in the cathedral of Dublin on the feast of Our Lady, and dined that day in robes of state at the table of the king, where they were much stared at by the lords and those present ; not, indeed, without reason, for they were strange figures, and differently countenanced to English and other nations."—FROISSART (Chron., Book 4, c. 64).

* "In 1486 Lambert Simnel, the son of an Oxford tradesman, arrived in Dublin in charge of a priest named Richard Symons, who acted as his tutor. He is described as a boy of prepossessing appearance and princely manner : and, according to some accounts, he was only eleven years of age, although the prince (Edward, Earl of Warwick) he was chosen to personate, and who was then a prisoner in the Tower, was in his fifteenth year. As the great majority of the population of the Pale were avowed partizans of the House of York, the story told obtained ready credence, and the Lord Deputy (Gerald, Earl of Kildare) received young Simnel as a true prince, and caused him to be solemnly crowned in Christ's Church on Whit-Sunday with the title of Edward VI., in his own presence and that of the Chancellor, the Treasurer, the Earl of Lincoln, Lord Lovell, and many of the chief men of the kingdom. The diadem used at the crowning is said to have been taken from a statue of the Virgin, in the church of St. Mary, near Dame's Gate ; and the mock king was then carried in triumph from Christ's Church to Dublin Castle on the shoulders of a gigantic Anglo-Irishman, popularly called 'Great Darcy of Platten.' Accompanied by an army of about 8,000 men, Simnel was forthwith conveyed to England, where he was joined by Sir Thomas Broughton with a small force, but the expected aid did not appear ; and in a desperate battle at Stoke his forces were utterly routed, with a loss

Within his hand, bedeckt with pearl and gem,
He grasps the sceptre of great Rod'rick's line,
While on his brow he wears the diadem
By hands profane filch'd from "Our Lady's" shrine !

Thus moving onward in processions vast,
And ever changing, Time's Kaleidoscope
From out the dim-lit and sepulchral past
Evolves, with vivid power, group after group.

Priest, patriot, and bard, in long array,
With cross and sword and harp before us pass,
As if they stepp'd from off their tombstones grey,
Or from the mullion-framed and painted glass.

And, like the sound of far-off waters, fall
The echoing strains of psalmody and hymn,
While on the knightly banners, o'er each stall,
The tapers glare unearthly, weird, and dim.

And soon a mant'ling cloud of blackest hue
Enshrouds awhile priest, crucifix and shrine,
And, when it clears away, before our view,
Rises a Faith of undefined outline ! *

Then peals the organ a triumphant march,
That to its basement shakes the vaulted aisle,
While thro' the chancel's carved and latticed arch
A motley train irreverently defile.

of 4,000 men, and all his leaders, including the Earl of Lincoln, Lords Thomas and Maurice FitzGerald, Sir Thomas Broughton, and General Schwartz, slain. Simnel himself was captured, and condemned to act as turnspit in the royal kitchen, and was subsequently promoted to the rank of Falconer."—HARVEY (*Hist. of Ireland*, c. 29).

* On Easter Sunday, 1550, the Liturgy of the (so-called) Reformed Church was, for the first time in Ireland, read publicly in Christ's Church, in obedience to an order by proclamation issued by the Lord Deputy St. Ledger. In the following year it was printed by Humphrey Powell, and it is supposed to be the first book ever printed in Dublin.

And, onward come, 'mong ranks of hireling swords,
 White-plumed and spurr'd and belted cavaliers,
 And pompous prelates, senators and lords,
 And lawyers who assume the looks of seers.

And at their head, with bold and braggart air,
 Fresh from the Boyne's ill-fated victory,
 Lo ! William comes to breathe his hollow pray'r.
 Inflated with a mock humility.*

Descending then from heaven's transcendent height,
 Behold the spirits of the brave and just,
 With eyes that speak approval and delight,
 Gaze on these shrines restored above their dust.

Advent'rous Schomberg †—patriotic Swift ‡—
 Mysterious Stella—Pembroke's famous lord §—

* Immediately after the battle of the Boyne the followers of William the III. took possession of Dublin Castle, and in a few days afterwards the king himself, attended by a numerous staff, proceeded to St. Patrick's, where, in obedience to his orders, a Te Deum service was performed.

† Schomberg's remains were removed, after the battle of the Boyne, to Patrick's, where a monument, with an inscription in Latin by Swift, marks their last resting-place.

‡ In the year 1745 the celebrated Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, having, by a singular coincidence, died in a lunatic asylum which he had himself founded, was interred in this church. A monumental tablet and a marble bust—the latter the gift of his publisher, Faulkner, placed in the southern wall of the aisle, mark the spot where, side by side with the remains of the accomplished but unfortunate Stella, lie all that was mortal of this extraordinary genius.

§ Strongbow (so named from his great skill as an archer), Earl of Pembroke in Wales, was, amongst the earliest and most needy band of adventurers, a very remarkable figure. On the solicitation of Dermot M. Murrough, who was engaged in a quarrel with O'Rourke, prince of Breffni, he invaded Ireland, and shortly afterwards married Eva, the beautiful daughter of Dermot, which latter event is fittingly commemorated in the magnificent picture by Daniel Maclise, which now adorns the walls of our National Gallery. In 1172 he obtained the sovereignty of the kingdom of Leinster, which he held until his death in five years after. His remains were interred in Christ's Church, where his monument is still pointed out on the southern side of the aisle.

Kildare* and Cork,† their pæans all uplift
To Roe and Guinness in attuned accord!

And while we hope that angel hands may both
Their names yet record in a scroll of Faith,
I, from the humble flowers of wayside growth,
Have for their temples twined this rustic wreath!



A PRAYER.

Oh, mighty Master of this frail machine!
Oh, glorious Artist of unnumbered worlds!
Vouchsafe on my behalf to intervene,
And stay the maelstrom that around me curls!

Assist my anxious efforts, Lord, to know
The one great object of this transient life,
That when the chain here binding me below
Is snapped by death in the unequal strife,

It may be everlastingly renewed
To link in one immeasurable round
My soul with theirs who only Thee pursued,
And now around Thy throne Thy praises sound!



DREAMS.

BEROBBED in vesture dark or bright,
Inspiring joy or fear,
Unceasingly thro' day and night
Ye haunt us all the year.

* The very handsome monument erected to the memory of the Earl of Kildare stands on the left hand of the Communion Table.

† Richard Boyle, a famous adventurer of the confiscation and plantation period, commonly called the "Great Earl of Cork," died in the year 1643, and was interred with great honours in St. Patrick's, where a very pretentious and remarkable looking monument, still existing in the western end of the aisle, was erected to his memory.

Mid wreathed smiles and stifled sighs,
Refrains of woe or mirth,
In countless shapes and myriad dyes,
Ye visit couch and hearth.

With silver-tinged ethereal clouds
That look like bridal veils,
Youth's barque ye rig and fan its shrouds
With soft ambrosial gales.

But oft when bounding o'er the seas
To some enchanted zone,
Ye toss the waves with tempest breeze,
And crew and cargo drown!

Yet even then, when plunged in woe,
We feel your soothing power,
Like music murm'ring soft and slow
Thro' some deserted tower!

And tho' like ghosts betimes ye come
Exhausted, faint, and weak,
Of shroud, of coffin, and of tomb
In warning words to speak.

Yet still, before our death-dimmed eyes,
Ye summon visions fair,
Of realms outrivalling Paradise,
Untrod by sin or care!

Then come, O come, in garb of woe,
Or gaily draped and bright,
'Mid stormy clouds or zephyrs slow,
With solemn tread or light.

When morning dawns or evening lowers—
By noon or twilight's beam—
O come, and paint anew those hours
When life was one bright dream!

FROM THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

OH, what a pensive pleasure to trace back
Our fading footprints on life's travelled track,
To turn upon our road betimes and gaze
Thro' the dim vista of departed days,
And see how beautiful remains the view
Of scenes familiar that in youth we knew !

As some tired trav'ler who his morning spent
In climbing up the mountain's steep ascent,
Exhausted, rests upon its beetling brow
And gazes on the distant plains below,
Thro' which ere while he passed, and, pausing hears,
In mellow music floating on his ears,
The feather'd warblers, perched on neighb'ring sprays,
Pour to the wafting winds their sprightly lays,
Or, mounting high to heaven on soaring wing
Like angel spirits from his vision spring !

Beneath,—the flocks and herds promiscuous stray,
Or browse, or rest, or skip in frolic play.
The mighty ox, with pond'rous footstep, plods
Across the smooth and closely-knitted sods,
Lashing his full-fed flanks with switching tail,
While wending on to some umbrageous vale,
Close by the yearling filly, lately weaned,
Gambols about in freedom unrestrained
As yet by human hand or curbing rein,
Flying o'er the fields with proudly floating mane,
And flaunting tail that, flowing far behind,
In flapping foldings fans the passing wind ;
And further off he sees the wearied team
Tread o'er the furrow'd earth with lab'ring limb.

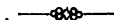
The lovely landscape, with rich tintings blent,
On every side maps out its vast extent
Of varied beauties, seeming to his sight
A thousand times more exquisitely bright

Than when in brilliant meridian hour—
Ere shades of sombre hue began to lower
Beneath the ægis of Hope's radiant ray
Thro' these same scenes it was his wont to stray !



SEASIDE MUSINGS.

Ort when at eve I see the tide-laved sod
Immersed in ruby by the Delphian god
Within my breast a feeling strange begets
A throng of vague emotions and regrets,
Like imprints left by each departed year
Commingling tints before my eyes appear,
While o'er them all, in sombre garb array'd
Dull melancholy flings her mantling shade
As faintly glim'ring as a goss'mer screen
In woods unfrequented by trav'lers seen
When, with reluctant pace, the dying sun
Sinks o'er the hills, and night comes slowly on !
Then do I pause till, from her giddy height,
Showers down the moon a phosphorescent light
That, far extending o'er the ocean, marks
Its thin-edged surges with a string of sparks
That blend with each successive measured sweep,
While all around is desolate and deep !
Oh, then, with mental vision gazing o'er
Time's traversed waters to the far-off shore
Of fairy-land, where dawn'd my infancy,
Across the waves of that mysterious sea,
Full many a glim'ring thought of buried hope,
E'en like those sparkling tints comes bubbling up,
And ridges o'er that waste so bleak and vast
Of dreary desolation called the past !



WITH BYRON AND NATURE.

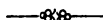
BRIGHT images around on ev'ry side.
The "Pilgrim" of poetic fame has thrown,
The mountain's summit and the ocean's tide
Alike to him with similes were strown,
In the broad sea he saw an image grand
As man e'er formed of Eternity,
The high cliffs tow'ring o'er the silvery strand
Appeared to him huge sentinels of liberty.

Nothing was there in nature soaring high
That woke a feeling, or a thought sublime,
Or that, in passing, caught the poet's eye,
Left unembodied in his photo-rhyme.
My tongue for *this* now feebly hymns his praise,
While my glad heart, like a fresh-budding flow'r,
Waked from its slumbers by the day-god rays,
Opes and expands beneath his potent pow'r.

E'en at this moment as, entranc'd, I stand
Far from the noise and smoke of busy towns,
In this lone village o'er which, vast and grand,
The mountain of my childhood darkly frowns,
E'en now I feel, as oft the "Pilgrim" felt,
A strong desire within my bosom rise
To kneel in adoration, as he knelt,
On Alpine hills or 'neath Italian skies ;

For wrapt in ecstasy, methinks I hear
The monarch-spirit of the mountain call
His slumb'ring vassals from afar and near,
And round his throne they quickly gather all.
From neighb'ring highlands and far-spreading vales,
Where, calm and clear, the crystal streamlets run,
Upwards they soar, on misty-wreathed sails,
And then, in turn, disperse them one by one !

And like these light and fleeting mists are we
Called into being, and, like them, from our birth
Stray for a while about, then cease to be,
And leave no track upon the verdant earth.
Whilst He whose breath unmakes as it hath made,
All that delights my grateful vision now
Stands ever as yon mountain stands array'd
With cloudless glory girdling round his brow !



THE CHORISTER OF CHARTRES.

In Chartres' ancient chronicles
There is a legend told,
So simply pure and beautiful,
It never can grow old.
Perhaps you've heard it oft before,
Yet, like a sweet refrain
Rung from the Belfry of the past,
You'll welcome it again !
Two hundred years have come and gone
Since lived a graceful boy
Like him—the widow's son of Nain—
His mother's hope and joy ;
A sweet and thrilling voice was his,
That never seem'd to tire,
When solemn chants and anthems grand
Ascended from the choir !
At midnight mass, one Christmas-eve,
It was ordained that he,
High o'er the vocal band installed,
Should lead the psalmody ;
Then old and young, and rich and poor
The sum'ning sound obey'd,
That, from the lofty turret tower,
Rung out o'er hill and glade !

Thronged quickly was that sacred pile,
When, on the incensed air,
From fervent worshippers arose
A tide of welling prayer,
Meanwhile our youthful leader, who
Before the altar bent,
Rose up, and for a needed book,
Unto the vestry went !
Upon his errand quick he sped,
And vanished thro' the door,
But back to choir or altar he
Returned that night no more !
Impatiently, at length, a priest
Despatched the verger old,
Who found, unmoved, the missal-book,
But could no boy behold !
Loud thundering roll'd the organ peals
Thro' aisles and chancel vast,
As, neath a golden canopy,
The mitred prelate passed ;
The solemn rites, at length, were closed
With hymns of praise and joy,
When to the church his mother came
To seek her singer boy ;
But, tho' through cells and vaults and crypts,
A torch-light search was made,
Unto their anxious eyes no sign
His whereabouts betray'd.
Oft paused the puzzled searchers then,
And gazed with mute surprise
And mystic awe, inquiringly
Into each other's eyes,
Until, at length, in om'nous tones,
One whisper'd to the rest—
“ Behind the altar there's a well—
Come there of him in quest ! ”
Scarce uttered were those pregnant words,
When, like an arrow shot,

The wretched mother and her friends
Sped to that hallowed spot.
An old, time-honoured spring it was,
Of depth beyond all guess,
And, leading to its brink, a foot
Had left a deep impress.
Then nearer with their lights they drew,
And saw—Oh, heavenly God!
The mildewed beam that arched its mouth,
Had been in twain down trod!
With breathless haste from out the plank
They tore its fast'ning stays,
Till down the shaft their torches' light
Shone clear as noontide's rays,
Then trem'lous, o'er the brink they leant,
And saw—far—far below—
A figure floating on the tide,
As white as driven snow!
With lightning speed the thrilling news
Was to the prelate brought,
Who hurriedly unrobed himself
And followed to the spot.
“A lengthy rope at once procure,”
In anxious tones he cried,
“And I to save our singer boy
Will seek the deep flowing tide!”
Stunned by these brave, heroic words,
That stayed their welling blood,
’Twixt awe and admiration lost,
The group a moment stood.
Then run they for the belfry rope,
And when they had it tried;
In running knots, and instantly
Around his breast ’twas tied.
With rev'rent care they lower'd him down,
And feverishly then
Stood waiting for his voice to cry—
“Coil back the rope again!”

.

Oh, moments such as this are felt
By all, in ev'ry state,
When, trembling with expectancy,
A turn of Time we wait.
And now like ages drear, they lagged
Till—free from threat'ning harms—
The shepherd from the shaft was drawn—
The lambkin in his arms!

"Ah, dear boy!" exclaimed the bishop,
With eyes bedewed with tears,
While back he brushed the ringlets
Behind the singer's ears—
"An anthem thou art chanting now
Where angels ever sing,
Of His glory and His goodness,
Thy Maker and thy King!"
Disconsolate and comfortless,—
With anguish almost wild,—
The hapless mother, from his clasp,
Then snatch'd her lifeless child,
And, ere a hand her flight could stay,
She reached our lady's shrine,
Where, on its steps, with rev'rence meet,
She laid her burthen lying!
Oh, passing wonderful is prayer,
When from the soul it springs,
Unfetter'd to the throne of Grace
On Faith's sustaining wings!
So, now, with fond and full belief
She fervently implored
That, if God's sovereign will decreed,
Her child might be restored!
Scarcely utter'd was that heartfelt prayer
When, round her, rose a shout,
"A miracle!" and he—the dead—
Stood up, and gazed about!
While, tott'ring almost with the weight
Of overwhelming joy,

Unto her heart his mother clasped
Once more her singer boy !
Like one who from a blissful dream
Had suddenly awoke,
He glanced around, and mused awhile
And then thus calmly spoke—
“ When, 'neath my step succumbed the plank,
And, headlong, down I fell,
Sweet sounds of sacred melody
Around me seem'd to swell,
And as I neared the bubbling tide,
I heard a whispered hum,
In dulcet tones repeat the words—
' Dominus vobiscum !'
While o'er me like a guardian fond,
Our Lady's form stood,
With smiling brow and outstretched hand,
To save me from the flood ;
Then, as the vision faded fast,
A light of dazzling hue
Around the spring in circling rings,
Its bright effulgence threw,
As, soaring high on seraph wings,
My soul appeared to go,
' Mid solemn strains that breathed clear—
' Et cum spiritu tuo !' ”
Tho' ages since have pass'd away
And races come and gone
Enshrined within believing hearts
This legend still lives on,
And so the solemn silent pause
' That follows in the mass,
The last “ vobiscum ” of the priest
In Chartres came to pass ;
Hush'd all at once, the vocal strains
Seem paralysed to grow,
The organ's loud vibrating mouths
Sound faintly sweet and slow,

While, clear and soft as angels sang
O'er Bethlehem long ago,
Celestial choirs, responding, sing—
"Et cum spiritu tuo!"



THE BEACON-STAR.

DARK was the path my footsteps trod :
An ebon pall fell o'er my youth,
And from mine eyes obscured the God
Of justice, mercy, love and truth !

Yet, thro' the darkness, I could see
A steady star of purest light, .
That, like the one of Galilee,
Seem'd ever onward to invite !

I watch'd it till, at length, I felt
Its power around my heart had stole,
And then, with throbbing pulse, I knelt
Subdued and awed by its control.

Oh, then methought I roamed along
A road with snares seductive set,
And, on the way, a ribald throng
Saluted me with jeer and threat !

But them unheeding—on I went,
Observing many a golden shrine
And sculptured temple reared, and meant
For purposes men deemed divine !

Throughout dim-lighted aisles, sweet airs
I heard melodious voices sing,
While keeping time to psalms and prayers,
Bright censors kept unceasing swing !

Around me passed long trains of friars,
With sombre looks and sunken eyes,
And virgins, who had quenched love's fires,
Supporting cross-crowned canopies !

High on the altar tops I saw—
Where banners waved, and torches blazed—
Above vast crowds bent low in awe—
The eucharistic God upraised !

I heard, and saw, and felt all this,
Yet, like a captive in a cave,
Surrounded by enchanting bliss,
I felt as in a charnel grave.

Where heartless, soulless, spectral Faith,
With hollow voice and sightless eyes,
Here and hereafter, unto death
Condemns her hapless votaries !

Again I moved, and followed on,
Till, in its course, my star was stayed,
As o'er Gabaon's plain the sun
Stood while Josue knelt and prayed !

Then suddenly a glorious sight
In grandeur rose before my view,
On which Truth's pure and dazzling light
Its radiant streams in volumes threw !

Beneath my feet a bolt-struck world
Trembled in terror to its base,
While, like the damned to Hades hurled,
Relentlessly fought creed and race !

Above me, on a burnished throne—
Surpassing Sol at noontide hour—
Array'd in glory, the unknown
Displayed His majesty and power !

Like music wafted o'er the main,
Commingling sounds from far and near,
Blent in a grand hosanna strain,
With awe and rapture thrill'd my ear !

No sun, or moon, or stars were there,
Nor aught that told of Space or Time,
Yet over all there shone a glare
Unseen by man on earthly clime.

Beggars and kings in countless crowds,
All undistinguished and unclassed,
Free from their girths of robes and shrouds,
Before the throne adoring passed.

Strange seem'd this sight as aught outlined
In Revelation's wond'rous page,
But from it I more faith divined
Than e'er was taught by saint or sage !

Then like a lark high o'er a peak,
Exultingly my spirit soar'd,
And thus essayed my tongue to speak,
In trembling accents to my Lord—

“ O ! God of gods, and King of kings,
Vouchsafe to let thy vital breath
Transfuse and purify those springs
Whence mortals quaff the draughts of Death !

“ Around our poison'd pathways flow
The streams of Charity and Truth,
And to our breasts restore the glow
Perennial of Faith's first youth ! ”

Awaking then, and gazing round,
I saw my star had fled the sky,
Yet often since, in dreams profound,
Its beck'ning glory greets mine eye.

FIRESIDE MUSINGS.

Now at my lone and silent hearth
This Autumn eve I sit,
With vacant eyes fixed on the fire
Whose flick'ring flames, like childhood's mirth,
Momentally around me flit,
And then in turn expire.

Unconsciously down Mem'ry's streams,
My thoughts glide far away,
To scenes and hours of long ago
That, like these transitory beams,
No mortal power can hold or stay,
Expired amid their glow.

Hither and thither through the room
They flash with fitful light,
And, from my portrait-pictures few,
Fling back again the gath'ring gloom
That seems intent, with ceaseless spite,
To hide them from my view.

Ah me ! how like the dazzling hopes
Of youth and manhood's prime—
These glim'ring flashes from the grate
That snap as short as sandy ropes,
And leave us thro' life's after time
In darkness desolate !



AFTER AN ESTRANGEMENT.

How transient was the light that shone
From Friendship's early beam on me—
A ray shot from a winter's sun
As rigid and as false might be.

Unclouded for awhile its light
Illumed the hope its dawning gave,
Then sank like lunar beam at night,
Seen faintly gleaming o'er the wave.

But now that winter's course is run,
I pray all chillness with it passed,
And trust that Friendship's genial sun
Will haste to cheer her flowers at last.

Then let us snap the icy chain
That in its hold our souls hath penned,
And let me clasp thy hand again,
And call thee, as of old, my friend !

My friend ! for I have found thee such ;
And now I feel how language fails
To say how warmly or how much
This rupture my fond heart bewails.

So weak are words, so faint expression,
To deck the soul of Friendship off,
That when she looks for robes to dress in,
She scarce can find them rich enough.

So, when I'd make my feelings known
And seek for language to reveal them,
I find, alas ! my voice has flown
And left my heart alone to feel them.



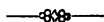
DECEPTION.

"Things are not what they seem."—LONGFELLOW.

ALAS ! that it should be, but it is so,
Man's outward life is but a cheating show.
Like the rich binding of a worthless book,
That charms the eye with its seductive look,

So, simulating Friendship's radiant smile,
Deception basks in gorgeous robes awhile
Before *his* unsuspecting gaze, who deems
All's pure within as outwardly it seems ;
But ah ! could he with soul-eyed vision trace
Beneath Guilt's mask'd and chameleon face,
How would he pause, and cautiously draw near
The siren voice that captivates his ear,
And oh ! how oft, upon Life's road, would he
'Neath friendly guise behold foul treachery ?
'Twas ever thus since first the glorious sun
His endless course around this globe begun.
He ne'er yet shone, nor shall he ever shine,
On aught wherein Deception finds no shrine.
It floats amid the mirage that betrays
The pilgrim's footsteps over desert ways,
And lights the phosphorescent lamps that 'lume
The unwary trav'ler to a swampy tomb.
Conceal'd it lies upon the soft rose stem,
Whose fragrant flow'rs a regal crown might gem,
Its treacherous barbs, from 'neath rich verdant leaves,
Protruding watchfully for passing thieves.
With sweet inviting glance it shows the door
Wherein the bee has piled his luscious store ;
But should we venture near, a wrathful swarm
Around us hurls its sting-inflicting storm,
Beneath the reptile's rich and silky skin
Lies not the forked tongue coiled up within,
Its poison'd venom ready to impart
Unto the fountains of its victim's heart ?
And owes not man his sad mortality
Unto a fruit pluck'd from its tempting tree ?
Alas ! smooth features do not always prove
Their owner's worthy confidence or love,
For they too oft, like dang'rous waters, lure
Our vent'rous souls by seeming calm and pure ;
Nor is the death-drugg'd draught's effect the less
When mingling sweets absorb its bitterness.
One moment life may flush the hectic cheek,

Another, and the heart in twain may break !
While often that which seems the safer way,
Decoys our footsteps only to betray ;
Nor do we find our error till the darts,
Deception strung, lie quiv'ring in our hearts.
Oh ! then too late, the truth dawns on the mind,
The right road was the rough one left behind.
Infatuated fools ! we come and go,
And in our turn fall victims to this foe ;
Yet, stubborn to the last, we'll not believe
That goodly-seeming things can so deceive,
Like apples found the Dead Sea shores along—
Fair to the sight, but ashes to the tongue.
And so from sire to son, and age to age,
Deception struts and triumphs on Life's stage !



AUTUMN FLOWERS.

O WELCOME glorious Autumn days
With all the bount'ous store
Your ripening breath o'er earth displays
Where blossoms bloomed before !
Spring has her wealth of beaut'ous flowers,
But treasures manifold ;
'Tis yours to fling o'er fields and bowers
'Mid wreaths of waving gold !

Tho' from our sheltered cottage eaves
The faithless swallows fly,
Like hollow Friendship that deceives,
And fails when grief is nigh !
Tho' blackbirds whistle now no more,
Or starlings gaily call,
Yet sings the robin, as of yore,
Its pipings sweet and small !

Tho' summer flow'rs have died away,
Yet, proudly o'er their grave,
Chrysanthemums, in clusters gay,
And lilac daisies wave!
The crimson dahlias, one by one,
From groves and gardens pass,
Yet glitt'ring still, 'neath stars and sun,
The cowslips strew the grass!

O thus—when, with unsparing darts,
Death slays the friends we prized,
We learn the worth of meeker hearts,
In brighter hours despised;
And only those whose hope and strength
In sorrow's trying hours
Have all but failed, can know at length
The worth of Autumn flowers!



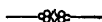
THE HUMMING-BIRD AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A HUMMING-BIRD, a humming-bird
Once met a butterfly,
And on the glory of her wings
Gazed with admiring eye.
Then, flutt'ring round the beaut'ous thing,
In sweetest notes and clear,
Declared he "loved her with a love
Eternal and sincere!"

The butterfly, the butterfly
Assumed an air of pride,
And, coldly glancing at the bird,
Thus haughtily replied—
"Your offer, sir, I can't accept
Since, lately from a tree,
I heard you hum—" O crawling thing
Keep—keep away from me!"

The humming-bird, the humming-bird
This speech heard with surprise,
And, knowing not the spurned one,
Beneath her gay disguise,
Exclaimed—"O it's impossible
That I could act so rude
To aught amongst creation
So beautiful and good!"

The butterfly, the butterfly
Then sprang up from the grass
And answered—"When you acted so,
Mine seem'd a lowly class,
But now, since you would be my friend,
This advice take I pray—
Slight not the humblest one who yet
O'er you may rise some day!"



OLD FRIENDS.

SWEET, oh, sweet is the pleasure,
On a bright summer's day,
With a dear one to ramble
Thro' the newly-mown hay,
Or, at twilight to saunter
By the banks of a brook,
Or to gaze o'er the ocean
From an eyry-like nook,
But such pleasures surpassing,—
In their glory sublime,—
I enjoy o'er my goblet,
And an old tome of rhyme!

It is sweet, in mid-winter,
By the bright blazing hearth
With our children to gambol,
And partake of their mirth,

And luxuriously cosy,
When Melody's strain
Over-masters and smothers
The tempest'ous-blown rain ;
But such pleasures surpassing,—
In their glory sublime,—
I enjoy o'er my goblet
And an old tome of rhyme !

Dearest friends of my boyhood
Ye have all passed away
Like those fast-fading tintings
That the rainbows display,
And the few that still linger
Seem so stony and cold,
That I scarce can believe them
The beloved ones of old,
But, like ivy-wreaths clinging
Round the ruin spared by time,
Remain yet my goblet,
And my old tomes of rhyme !

With the kindest of greetings,
And of promises rife,
We are met on our journeys,
In the hey-day of life,
By Iscariots unfaithful
Who rise like Spring flowers,
And then, one by one, vanish
With the sunshiny hours,
But, unchanging for ever,
In their friendships divine,
I have still left my goblet
And my old tomes of rhyme !

IMPROMPTU IN MEMORIAMs.

Mrs. Ellen FitzAchary,* died December 10th, 1883.

I.—TO MY SISTER.

“NOT dead but gone before!” the inspired Word
This glorious hope proclaims from age to age,
“NOT dead but gone before,”—to meet her Lord
And from His hands receive her heritage!

Full soon shall kindred tongues for us resound
These solemn words above our silent graves,
Then say, O sister! say, while on Life's round
Should we not shun where angry discord raves.

And ope our hearts unto those breathings slow,
Like springtide's fragrance rising to the sky,
The angels chant—“Peace unto men below,
And endless glory unto God on high!”

—38—

II.—TO MY DAUGHTER MARY,

On the same occasion.

WITH sombre Cypress twine the holly leaves
That garland round the pictures on thy walls,
Since Death, all ruthless, 'mongst our household thieves
And from our midst a well-loved parent calls!

Yet let the berries—beautiful and bright—
Their cheerful glow amid the wreaths display
Like stars resplendent that, throughout this night,
Our vigils watch whilst for her soul we pray!

* Mother of the Author.

III.—WILLIAM HENRY MACKENZIE,*

Died March 18th, 1883.

“Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight, and burnt
is Apollo’s laurel bough.”

OH, would my lips could gladness breathe,
While sunny flow’rets fair and gay,
Instead of cypress leaves, should wreathe
Their festoons round my harp to-day.

E’en while I tune this falt’ring song
The plaintive winds, like Banshees, rave
Their dirgeful wailings, loud and long,
Around thy freshly-swarded grave.

Above it bends the mournful Muse
With tear-dimmed eyes and floating hair,
While Fiction, wild with anguish, sues
The Fates to leave her ever there !

Ah ! soon, too soon, primroses pale,
And violets in bloom shall rise
Above thy breast to scent the gale
That bears to heaven our choking sighs !

Yet, be it mine, as years increase,
Thy genius and thy worth to sing,
And o’er thy grave, till life shall cease,
Poesy’s tear-gemm’d wreaths to fling !

* This talented writer and accomplished scholar was, at the time of his lamentable and premature death—the result of accidental poisoning—although only 21 years of age, editor of “The Irish Diamond,” and had been a constant contributor of prose and verse to its comic predecessor, “Pat.” He was also the author of several topical songs, which were first introduced to the public through the medium of the pantomimes at the Gaiety Theatre. In addition to his editorial, theatrical, and other engagements, he discharged the onerous duties of classical master in Harcourt Street High School, the scholars of which Institution occupied a prominent position in the large cortege of sorrowing friends and comrades that followed his remains to their final resting place at Mount St. Jerome Cemetery.

THE WANDERERS' RETURN.

WILD were his looks, dejected was his face
As, with a sigh, he neared his natal place,
And thought of all the weary years, since last
He trod the fields around, had come and past.
The garden paths, o'er which he oft had stray'd,
Before him lay, neglected and decayed,
E'en like the face of one we long have known
When all the glow of youth's springtide hath flown !

Silence supreme now reigned save when a breeze
The faded leaves swept from the neighb'ring trees,
Life's busy hum had ceased till, once again,
Aurora's voice aroused earth's toiling men,
While, full of gloom and awe, the atmosphere
Impressed the soul, as tho' some woe were near,
With a strange thrill like that which fills the breast
Of him who soothes a dying friend to rest !

But round him soon gust rose, and followed gust
Till hedgerows green were flaked with gath'ring dust,
While, now and then, from out the ebon dark
A watchful dog yelled forth his echoing bark
Cerberus-like, an awe inspiring growl
That well might fright the desperado's soul,
And warn him that certain danger lay
In wait for all who prowling trod that way !

Above him high the raven's om'nous croak,
From umbrage thick that burthen'd still an oak,
Forebodingly and with discordant sound
The dismal waste filled dolefully around,
While, all alone and lovely, on her way
Cynthia shed a melancholy ray
As if to add more anguish to the scene
Of with'ring woe that blanched his heart within !

He grasp'd the latch that ope'd the garden gate,
It stiffly moved as tho' not used of late,
He gained the door—the knocker plied in vain—
Loud rang the bell, and knock'd, and rang again,
Listen'd and look'd, but naught, O naught was there
Save what was dark and dismal as despair,
Then called aloud and in a gurgling tone
Till Echo hoarse replied "All—all are gone!"

O, who can say how dimly desolate
The heart becomes when unrelenting Fate
Blasts all on earth it loved, and leaves not one
Dear friend of old, with sympathetic tone,
To mourn the lot that leaves it lingering
Upon the waste of Life—a wither'd thing
That still hangs on until the lightning flashes,
And burns the stem, in mercy, unto ashes?

Who—who can give those tort'ring throes fit words
That pierce the soul like crook'd and jagged swords,
When transient Hope has set for ever-more,
And darkness drear o'ertakes us, nigh Death's shore,
Friendless and old? O then the aching sight
And burning brain! O then the awful light
That glimmers weird, and brings, thro' rifted clouds,
The loved and lost long wrapt in clayey shrouds!

How weak is man—or rather, O how strong
Are those sweet ties and feelings that belong
To Nature's kin! He who survived the shock
Of shipwreck on a bleak and barren rock,
Who, unto woe and misery inured,
Severest toils and sufferings endured,
Now sank 'neath grief, and let big welling tears
Roll from his eyes like child of tender years!

When morning dawn'd it chanced a lab'ring clown,—
Who took, thro' haste, that pathway to the town,—
Stretched on the grass, and pillowed on a mound
With closed eyes the youthful wand'rer found;

Like him—the good Samaritan of old—
The peasant kind upraised the stranger cold,
And wistfully watch'd for the op'ning eyes
Of him whose soul was now in Paradise!



THE AUTUMN DAYS OF LIFE HAVE COME.

THE Autumn days of life have come—
Youth's shining leaves are shed ;
The fairest flowers that used to bloom
Around my path lie dead !

The Music wrought by Springtide's breeze
Has lost its joyous tone,
And far o'er Fate's dividing seas
My summer friends have flown !

Yet still I hail thy days and nights,
Sad Autumn ! for they bring
To me a train of past delights
More dear than those of Spring !

And O they've shown me Friendship's power
When faithless Love hath fled,
And taught me not to mourn the flower
But prize the fruit instead !



STANZAS

To my Daughter, Ellie, on the 15th Anniversary of her Birth.

HAPPY as yet, it is not thine to think
Upon that cup from which we all must drink,
Thy careless and unfetter'd thoughts are free
From ills unknown and sorrows yet to be.
Happy as yet, Hope's visionary gleam
Thy path illumines with its seductive beam,

And, with its pow'r perspective, to thine eyes
Paints Life's sad scenes in cheating rainbow-dyes !
Ay, truly so, if happiness it is
Awhile to dream of unsubstantial bliss,
And with the flow'rs and fruits that round thee wave
Thy pathway strew in fancy to the grave !

Alas, my child—thus Pleasure leads us on
With fire-fly lights that flicker and are gone
And leave behind, like chill November's ray,
No genial heat to cheer our gloomy way,
Till threat'ning clouds with inky cloaks o'erspread
Our stricken joys like palls above the dead,
And shade for aye from our sore-anguished gaze
The ideal glories of departed days,
While lightnings, long in secret ambush nurst,
By Fate propelled, in fast succession burst
With vivid flames, amid Jove's thunders driven
Till from our breasts Hope evermore is riven !

Thus, thoughtless we proceed from day to day
In trivial cares consuming life away,
Unconscious of our transitory state,
Like voyagers who unconcernèd wait
Loit'ring upon a stretch of sandy shore
Surveying the shells profusely strewing it o'er
Till, cargoes with its due apportioned freight,
Th' unanchor'd ship is wafted from their sight !
Not so my child, pass thou thine hours away
In quest of toys as worthless as they're gay,
But let thy thoughts, like hounds in full pursuit,
Keep on the track of Purity and Truth !

And let this verse pass not like idle wind,
But oft, with ear intent and heart inclined,
List to the counsels that thy Father sought
In Life's sad forge, by grim experience wrought,
Yes, list, my child, with filial tenderness
To him whose love e'en savours of excess

As even hers—thy mother's—who, when dying,—
Strong in her faith and on her God relying—
Besought me by her pillow'd couch to kneel
While to my ears she sobb'd her last appeal ;
That I from sin might guardian thee awhile,
And Fortune's frown, but more against her smile !

What tho', like fruit unripe lopp'd from a tree,
I may full soon be wrenched from life and thee,
Yet let my calm and gentle counsels still,
Like sea-shore lights direct thy course from ill,
And e'en tho' some with Wisdom's stony frown
Censoriously should on thy sire look down,
Because, forsooth, with tongue of Pharisee,
Exempt from faults he never claimed to be,
Since virtue, pure and perfect, finds no birth
Within the womb of animated earth,
And a faint glimpse of such is only given
To us in our imaginings of heaven !

But say—my child, O say—"No sordid aense
Of Upas-like and baleful influence,
Nor motive low, propell'd by passion base,
In my sire's breast e'er found a-resting-place ;
But, impell'd by a longing to redress
The ills of life, its wrongs and wretchedness,
With tongue and pen undaunted as his heart
He played a brave e'en though Quixotic part ;
And, if betimes from Rectitude he roved,
By Sorrow's throes his soul was ever moved,
And, to the last, like compass to the pole,
Tho' veering oft, he turn'd to virtue's goal !"

MY GRAVE.

THRO' wild Glencullen's lone and bleak churchyard
I often wander, musing 'mong the stones
That congregate above the mantling sward,
Like patient watchers keeping faithful guard
Above my kindred's bones !

No costly cenotaph or pompous pile,
With marble immortelles carved round its head,
E'en unto him who held, as lord, the soil
There rears its front to tell his name or style
With fulsome praises spread ! *

* Mr. Christopher Fitzsimon, the last owner of the Glencullen estate, was married to Ellen, daughter of the celebrated Daniel O'Connell. For several years he represented an Irish constituency in the Imperial Parliament, and, for some time afterwards, he held the comfortable, if not lucrative, appointment of Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper. He died while on a visit to Italy, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, and although, at the time, it was intended that his remains should be only temporarily interred there, for some reason or another, they have never since been removed to Ireland. An unpretending stone, erected some twenty years ago to the memory of Colonel Henry Fitzsimon, marks the site of the family burial place ; but the inscription traced upon it contains no reference to Mr. Fitzsimon or his widow, who survived until last year, when she died in England, and was there interred. She was a woman of considerable literary taste and poetic talent, which, under the initials of "L N"—an ingenious abbreviation of Ellen—she occasionally evidenced in the early pages of the *Nation*, and, more recently, in a small volume of miscellaneous poems, which she published in or about 1863. Standing alone, a short time since, at the foot of this almost "untenanted grave" I could not help recalling to memory the following apparently prophetic lines, which she penned nearly forty years ago :—

"Yet sadness clouds our hearts to think that when we are no more,
Our bones must find a resting-place far, far from Erin's shore !
For us—no funeral sad and slow—
Within the ancient Abbey's burial ground shall go—
No, we must slumber far from home, far, far from Kylincee !"

No pillar'd canopy with crest and shield,
Nor mural tablet with medallion bust,
Erected there to chief of flood or field,
Records the days when fleet or phalanx reel'd
Mid crimson'd waves or dust !

None—none—yet there, beneath a shamrock'd mound
Quilted with daisies work'd from God's designs,
O, be it mine to rest in sleep profound,
And, on a stone that cumpers not the ground,
May Friendship trace these lines :—

“ Here lies a Bard who sought nor rank or fame,
But noiselessly, as flows a frozen stream,
Channel'd life's course unheeding praise or blame,
Making his fellow's weal his chiefest aim,
And virtue his sole theme ! ”





The Fall of Mustapha.

AN ORIENTAL ROMAUNT.

CANTO THE FIRST.

“I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you came to know it, answer me ;
Tell me, thou unknown power,—what is this,
That rises like the issue of a King,
And wears upon his youthful brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?”—SHAKESPEARE.

'Twas just that hour when Phœbus' long our ways
Lengthens the shadows with his slanting rays,
And, like a lover smothering the sighs
That with a burning moisture fill his eyes,
Pauses awhile, and, thro' the twilight screen,
Looks fondly back on each receding scene !

In hall and hut the children of the East
With jub'lant mirth were holding Birom's feast,
And old and young—the humble and the great—
Regardless of the barriers men create
'Twixt caste and caste—in holiday attire
Throng'd street and square the pageants to admire.

Before that Mosque which now usurps the shrine
Once sacred held to Christ and Constantine,
Surrounded by a vast and motley crowd
Who to their feelings gave expression loud,

And mounted high upon a lux'rous mat,
Array'd in juggling garb a young man sat.

Erect and straight his form, when he stood,
Tower'd like a giant's above a dwarfish brood,
But yet, withal, was slender as a naiad's ;
And, tho' across his face Time's mellowing shades
Were slowly gath'ring, they could not cloud o'er
The impressed stamp of beauty that it bore !

His girdle, which sustained a jewellèd blade,
Was from an untanned skin of leopard made,
His trousers azure as the skies above
From gos'ner silk by Indian looms were wove
And fashioned well, with trunks puff'd out and wide,
But gather'd in and at the ankles tied.

A pea-green caftan open at the breast
Disclosed a glitt'ring and embroider'd vest,
And on his head of jet and glossy curls,
Strung with rich sapphires interspersed with pearls,
A crimson fez, with golden fringe enlaced,
With studied art and negligence was placed.

From Cafe and Kiosk still, with surging sound
Like tidal waters, flock'd the crowds around
Till all impassable became the streets,
While circling spread the story of his feats
Which to their superstitious minds seem'd done
By delegation of the Evil One !

Like slaves intent on doing as desired
'Gainst Nature's laws his instruments conspired,
Now o'er his head he hurl'd a burning ball
From which, in show'rs, he bade red droppings fall
That in their sight, tho' moist as morning's dew,
Calcin'd like cinders and to ashes grew !

Anon—to steel transfused—the globe he bade
Stand in mid-air, and with his glitt'ring blade

Cleft it to atoms that whirl'd and whiz'd the same
Around his head as moths around a flame,
Till, at some mystic sign, they, there and then,
All clove together and were whole again !

In turn appealing thus to eye and ear
And alternating joy with awe and fear,
Captive he kept them till with mute surprise
They saw his vesture take a thousand dyes,
While, rising from his seat, he cried aloud—
" Make way for vizier Henè thro' the crowd ! "

Puff'd with the haughty airs of lordly rank
Henè strode on, while round the caitiffs sank
Like fields of golden wheat or ripened grass
When mower's scythes or sickles thro' them pass,
And, with a brusque and burly soldier-air,
Made his salam and thus addressed the player—

" From Rumour's blatant and uncertain tongue,
Which with thy fame has all this morning rung,
I've heard that centred in thee I would find
The parts of juggler and of seer combined ;
Say is this so, or does exaggeration lie
In this as in all else beneath the sky ? "

As tho' he answered " yes ! " in tones aloud
Expressively the youthful stranger bow'd ;
Then, in a voice resonant, calm and clear
That pierced the deafest and most distant ear
Resumed the vizier—" To further test thy power
Name if thou canst our Sultan's fav'rite flower ? "

" The crimson poppy from Aleppo named "—
Unhesitatingly the youth exclaimed,
" Since o'er all other plants its presence brings
Comfort to those who gloat on bloody things,
And it's as crimson-tinged as tho' 'twere grown
E'en on the steps that reach an usurped throne ? "

Like one confined, when dungeon-doors are burst,
Who opes his eyes half fearfully at first,
With vacant stare awhile he gazed askance
Then swept the throng with an inquiring glance,
As tho' in words he asked—"See ye beneath
My speech a blade within a velvet sheath?"

Then in a voice, tremulous in its force,
He cried—"One answer more, thou Son of Circe,
And, if it hits Truth's target, I will own
Thou art the greatest seer 'mong Moslems known
Since Mahommed, at Allah's summons, furl'd
His sacred flag and sought the Houri's world!

"When—free from all the toils and cares of state
That round an Empire's ruler congregate—
Hies he, on pleasure bent, to seek sweet rest
Within his chamber on his fav'rite's breast?
And who is she whose fascinating charms
Absorbs his soul while clasped within his arms?"

"For tyrant woes," replied the fearless youth,
"God-given sleep has neither balm nor ruth,
Nor soothing tonic for the terrors dread
That dance like demons thro' his heart and head,
Nor dreams that give a foretaste of the joys
The faithful share where pleasure never cloy!"

"Assarah," he replied, "altho' she'd dare
Ambition throne as well as couch to share,
Did not our laws forbid the puppet sway
That holds where subjects rule and queens obey,
She o'er all others, tho' now in the sear
And yellow leaf of life, he holds most dear!

"And it is right such souls should so attach,
Assimilate and to each other match,
Float their ideas in one channel-course
Till, mingling oft, they gather torrent force,

And so it is—whate'er is fierce or strong
In him is hers and unto both belong !”

“ Hold, hold,” the vizier cried, ’tis not discreet
To converse thus upon the public street ;
Pack up thy traps and onward let us come
From ’neath the shadow of Sophia’s dome,
While I shall speed before thee to report
Thy advent to Mustapha and his court !”

Fate laden moments with great chances rife
For all, in turn, traverse the dial of Life,
And, with portentous and distinctive ray,
Like finger-posts, point out the certain way,
While we, with erring steps, take smoother roads
That lead to Misery’s and to Ruin’s abodes !

Not so the stranger youth—he did not wait,
But rose and followed Hené to the gate,
Above the arch of which he thought he saw
A radiant figure his attention draw
With power magnetic he could not control,
While, in its hand, it waved a graven scroll !

Upon its brow, as tho’ with full intent
To shame the glories of the firmament,
A star—than Hesperus more dazzling fair,
Whose rival-rays outshone the sunset’s glare—
Was placed aloft, and, tho’ none else could see,
The stranger youth beheld ’twas Destiny !

CANTO THE SECOND.

Tho' the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small ;
Tho' with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all !

—FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU

High throned within the Coronation Court
Of Byzantium's old and sublime Porte,
Beneath a brodered canopy of state,
In pomp and glory proud Mustapha sate,
With inattentive thought and vacant gaze,
Surveying the scene thro' clouds of fragrant haze.

Around him throng'd with scimitars and staves,
Fierce janizaries and attendant slaves,
While on the centre of the porphyred floor,
Like snowy billows round an island shore
A beaut'ous troop of pure Circassian race
Tripp'd to and fro with Calisthenic grace.

Yet still, in spite of gesture, glance, and smile,
And strains that might plutuian spheres beguile
Like uninvited guest who will delay,
Deferring his departure day by day,
A gloom tenaciously around him clung
As permeates the Catacombs among !

Mumbling the words of some old Cyprian song,
At length his jester, Nemud, left the throng,
And, with the bearing of a Don or Guelph,
'Mid laughter, ill-suppressed, ensconced himself
Beside the king upon the velvet seat,
Where Henè sat at ev'ry festive fete.

Then, taking up the snake-coiled tube that lay
Invitingly upon a golden tray,
He posed himself with imitative art
And play'd to nature the king's counterpart,

Till, wrapt in incense od'rous and divine,
They look'd like idols on a Buddhist shrine !

Alas, poor wretch ! in unpropitious hour
Fate tempted thee to exercise thy pow'r.
To chase that gloom which, like an ingrained stain,
When once imparted ever will remain,
And shadows o'er all hearts and brows betimes,
But *always* his who triumphs thro' his crimes !

For, like the gallèd king in Hamlet's play,
Whose " withers were so wrung " he rushed away,
This mirthful usurpation of that seat
Enraged and brought the tyrant to his feet,
And cau sed him by the throat to clutch the clown,
And to the marble pavements hurl him down !

Just at this moment, thro' a curtain'd door
That inwards opened on the central floor,
Hené advanced, while, like the Red Sea's tide,
The human waves retired on either side,
And, bending low—his right hand on his breast—
Thus to the monarch's ears his speech addressed :—

" Unto thy presence here, O prince ! I've brought
A youth who, in broad day, strange feats has wrought,
And who, by power beyond belief or guess,
Can Nature's laws invertingly transgress,
While, by the aid of magic spells and signs,
He from the stars our future fate divines ! "

Mustapha's brow relaxed a little while
And just betray'd the semblance of a smile
As thus he answered—" Sick to death am I
Of all the joys court jesters can supply,
Flat, stale and sparkless as a marshy stream
That flows from bog to bog to me they seem

“But if this youth, from signs or stars, can read
What was, what is, and what is yet decreed,
Unto our breast he may, perchance, restore
Some long-lost hope we nurst in days of yore,
And thus relieve it of a woful weight,
So to our presence bring this stranger straight !”

The Janitors, at once, all in accord
Anticipating wishes without word,
Flung back the curtain draperies of the hall
And, like young Daniel at Balshasser’s call,
The youthful seer, within a moment more,
Stood unabashed the Moslem king before !

With easy bearing, such as on the stage
Talma once showed the Cæsar of our age,*
The youth advanced within the balustrade
That round the throne a sacred sanctum made,
And then, with bended knee and downcast eyes
Waited the Sultan’s nod that bade him rise.

This salutation over, up he stood
As stands a lofty pine above a flood,
And, on Mustapha fixing his calm gaze
As might an eagle on the noontide’s blaze,
He, with inviting gesture, stretched his hands
While thus Mustapha uttered his commands—

“If, by prophetic art of star-lored seers,
’Tis thine to read the page of future years,
Now to thy purpose with divining eye
Survey our horoscope in yonder sky,
And, in fair terms, resolve for us the fate
Evil or good our planets prenotate !”

Gazing awhile upon the sinking sun
Now slowly veering to the horizon,

* Napoleon the Great.

Then, turning to the throne and bowing his head,
The youth, in calm and measured accents, said—
“His race is almost run, but even yet
Thy fate I'll solve if but one boon I get !”

“Name, without fear, whate'er may be thy want
And thine it is, if in our power to grant,”
Replied the Sultan, rising from his throne,
“But then,” he added, “be it clearly known
That in our compact this condition be
Reserved as one of paramount degree—

“No matter how delightful or how dark,
Thy answerings must be frank and to the mark,
And free from dubious and ambiguous phrases
Used by perplexing advocates to craze us,
So that no other seer need demonstrate
Readings made vague by language obsolete !”

“Agreed, great prince ! on all points we're agreed,”
Answered the youth, “And now, ere I proceed
To enter on the working of my task,
Embolden'd by thy speech I dare to ask
A favour that, tho' seeming wages high,
Unto thy servant thou wilt not deny—

“Upon my head thy crown-like fez I'd wear,
Within my hand thy jewellèd sceptre bear
And round my neck, to consummate the joke,
Suspend thy ermined and star-spangled cloak,
While from thy throne I venture to relate
The planetary portents of thy fate !”

Amazed a moment by this bold request—
Too gravely uttered to be deem'd a jest—
Mustapha showed, thro' ill-assumed disguise
By lowering brow and disconcerted eyes,
How deep within the cavern of his soul
Contending passions struggled for control !

From snowy white to crimson's deepest shade,
All hues chameleon his face displayed,
Until, his thoughts collecting, it occurred
That he, in terms plain, had pledged his word
To grant by way of recompense or hire
What e'er it pleased the stranger to desire !

So substituting for his sullen frown
A cheerful smile he nervously strode down
The divan steps, and with an awkward haste
His regal robes upon the stranger placed,
While Henè, with a look of triumph, set
Upon his brow the turban'd coronet !

The sword of state, the globe and sceptre-stave,
Then to his keeping the old vizier gave,
And, with the homage due to kingly heir,
Conducted him unto that royal chair
Whereon had sat, e'en from Mahomet's day,
Despotic rulers of puissant sway !

If speech could then from its aged frame have flown,
How strange would be the tales of that proud throne !
What glorious mem'ries could it not recall
Of Byzantium in her rise and fall ?
Hallow'd and sanctified in square and street
By prints of martyrs and crusaders' feet !

What records could it read—almost divine—
Rich with the feats and fame of Constantine,
Ere ruthless chiefs of Osman's evil day
With vandal hands swept Faith and Arts away,
And, in their stead, raised trophies that e'en yet
With Christian blood are oozing soft and wet.

With tongue resonant it might sing loud peans
Of days when proudly over Europe's plains
The Crescent soared aloft on vict'ry's wing,
Till, with herculean strength, the Polish king—

Amid a cheer that, echoing, yet resounds—
Drove back the vultures to their carrion grounds !*

But ne'er—oh, ne'er before did it enfold
Within its arms of rubies and of gold,
An occupant, in all its lengthened span,
Whose life stream had thro' stranger channels ran
Than he who now, with calm and courtly grace,
Upon its silken cushions took his place !

Scarce seated was he for a moment, when
A buzzing noise, vibrating back again,
Rose thro' the hall while, at a signal sign
By Hené given, the guards, till then in line,
Re-formed themselves into a narrowing ring
Around that youth who look'd, in sooth, a king !

A moment stunned, then, frothing like a tide
Tost by tempestuous winds, Mustapha cried—

* It is somewhat difficult for the mind of the present day, with its contempt for the Turks, to realise what a terror the Moslems were to Europe then and for half a century after, as well as for a century before. What Charles Martel did against them at Tours for the south and west of Europe, in the early part of the eighth century, and what Don John of Austria did against them at Lepanto in the great sea victory, *that* Sobieski did against them and for Austria, first at Choozino, and then ten years later at Vienna. Sobieski, as history records, received but little gratitude from the Austrians while he lived—just as Columbus received but little gratitude from the Spaniards—and the fuss that both nations recently made on the recurrence of their anniversaries was, perhaps, little more than a late expression of remorse for past neglect. The Vienna commemoration, however, possesses a lesson of present political significance, while being, at the same time, an interesting memento of the past, and that lesson comes just now seasonably enough for Austro-Hungary. Two hundred years ago the Emperor Leopold was driving the Hungarians wild with his misrule and oppressions, and the Magyars in their despair had recourse to the Porte. The Porte, looking at the dissensions of Europe, which were fomented by Louis XIV., thought the opportunity a favourable one for recovering lost ground in Europe, and hearkened to the Hungarian appeal. Mahomed IV. accordingly re-

"Is this a dream—a horrid nightmare, say,
That with its terrors palls us while 'tis day,
And captive holds us in its iron grasp
While stifling utterance with a gurgling gasp?

"Else are ye mad, thus openly to err
In public court by seeming to transfer
From us—your chosen and anointed king—
Your homage and allegiance to this thing
Deckt out with crown, with sceptre, and with sword,
That, like a puppet, plays a sov'reign lord?"

But, vain as are the frenzied victim's cries,
When he the scaffold or the block espies,
Or as the shrieks of souls condemned to dwell
With demons in the torturing throes of hell,
His words unheeded thro' the chamber rung,
Nor woke an answer from a pitying tongue!

solved on making war upon Austria for the protection of the Hungarian Christians, and massed his army of 300,000 strong under the walls of Adrianople. To oppose this force the Austrian Emperor had not more than 40,000 poorly handled men, and the result was that the Turks were speedily at the gates of Vienna. The defence of the beleaguered city was brilliant, but it was the relief by the Polish King that gives to this event its glorious position in the annals of Europe. Sobieski received contributions from the Pope and from the other potentates of Europe, and by rapid marches he crossed the Danube at the head of a force which was little more than one-third that of his opponents. On the morning of the 12th of September, 1683, he attacked and routed the Turks, and it was in this battle that Prince Eugene, the companion-in-arms of Marlborough, commenced his military career. This was the splendid service that Poland and her King rendered to Austria and the world, and in less than a hundred years Austria repaid this service by sharing in the partition of Poland. In our own days, Russia ruthlessly confiscated the private estates of Count Jacob Sobieski—the last male representative of this renowned monarch—whose daughter is, at this moment, earning her bread by the weaving handicraft in the Saxon manufacturing town of Neugersdorf.

Anon, amid a breathless pause that might
Rival the stillness of an autumn night,
When the dull air is laden with the heat
That fills with vap'ring moistures field and street,
And not a ripple stirs the tranquil breast
Of slumb'ring lake where Halcyon might rest.

Then rose the youth, who, with majestic air,
Flung back the mantle on the vacant chair,
And threw the ball and sceptre by its side,
While, like a mountain-torrent's deluged tide,
His voice resonant rung the chamber o'er,
And echoed far thro' aisle and corridor !

"Thou on this throne, I prostrate at its feet,
Thus were we destined on this eve to meet,
A monarch thou o'er ruling land and wave
With power of life and death, to doom or save,
Whilst I, apparently a vagrant clown,
For scanty dole amused the festive town.

"Beholding not, thro' my disguise, that I
Sprung from ancestors royally great and high,
Expression thou wert pleased to give thy will
That I might demonstrate my prophet-skill
By reading, for these borrowed robes as fee,
Thy natal horoscope of destiny !

"That task I'll now endeavour to perform,—
Those boisterous shouts that bellow like a storm,
And seem in twain to rend the very clouds,
Come from the myriad throats of surging crowds,
Who've learnt with joy that retribution's near,
And that, for once, Nemesis dons the seer.

"Early or late, where e'er they rove or dwell,
At Court or Camp, at Mosque or festival
Prince, chief, or priest—Fate follows him whose lust
Tempts him to trample mankind to the dust,

That, like mythical Jove, he too may seek
A despot's throne on some Olympian peak !

" But brief in space and stormy in its course
That reign shall be begot in wrongful source,
And tho' it nectar seemeth that he sips
A drug subdolous poisoneth his lips,
And, e'en amidst the joys of bed or board,
Still o'er him hangs Damocles' threat'ning sword !

" To him this beaut'ous and prolific earth
Seems thick with things of vile and loathsome birth,
While all that purifies and elevates
And for us mortals act as paracletes,
He holds abhorr'd and, 'neath Despair's control,
Annihilates his life and damns his soul !

" And now thou tyrant, reft of crown and sword,
Why dost thou blanch and tremble like a coward ?—
Gaze at me well—unmasked of all disguise—
My features scan, my figure and my eyes
And say, if aught of Amurath may be
Traced in his son and heir, for—I am he !"

As fierce and unavailing as the rage
Of captive tiger in an iron cage
Was then the burst of passion that possest,
Like some mad demon, the usurper's breast
Who, trembling like an aspen, heard those words
That smote his soul like Fate's avenging swords !

Without, multitudinous voices rose on high
From lofty domes and min'rets to the sky,
And nearer yet and louder still was rung,
With joy contagious, on from tongue to tongue—
The wild refrain—" O Allah, thanks that we
Again restored the race of Osman see !"

Then at a wave of Selim's hand the din
Subsided and a solemn pause set in

As permeates a temple when the priest
Ascends the pulpit and the choir has ceased,
Or when, with falt'ring words and stifled breath,
The judge condemns the guilty wretch to death!

Amid this silence thus the prince resumed—
“ Ere fifteen Springs along my path hath bloomed
Alone and purseless, in the dead of night,
From home and kin I took my headlong flight
Unthinking when or where, or 'neath whose shed
I next should rest me in an exile's bed !

“ Eluding men and fearful of the day,
Like prowling bandit, I pursued my way
On fruits and herbs subsisting, till at last
Byzantium's bound'ries I safely passed—
And met, 'mong those who of Thermopylæ boast,
A princess fair, who proved a gen'rous host !

“ With her in hours of anguish have I stood,
Or sat surveying some glory-haloed flood
Until from her my wand'ring thoughts would stray
Back to the land wherein my sires held sway,
And then, prompted by gratitude, I swore
My bride to make her when my crown I wore !

“ But ere I fled, on that eventful night,
I saw thee, like a Fury wild for fight,
Surround this chamber with thy rebel horde,
Who, ruthlessly obedient to thy word,
Slaughtered, like cattle, in a butcher's pen,
An empire's bravest and acutest men.

Hither, impelled by treason's curst intent,
Thy winged feet their crimson pathway bent
And, vampire-like, thy parching thirst to sate
In kingly blood, outriv'ling vengeful Ate,
Down at thy feet—the sight I still recall—
My father's lifeless body I saw fall !

“As Nero gazed, with eyes begem’d with joy
To see his troops their gallant foes destroy,
So, deaf to mercy’s cries, or pleading prayers
From life of youth or sires of snowy hairs,
Didst thou, with jub’lant eyes that could not screen
Their fiendish glee, survey this direful scene!

“But as yon sinking sun shall spring again,
So surely Retribution, in its train,
Drags to an early and unhonoured grave,
With power resistless, the usurping knave,
And hurls—ere he can contemplate its course—
His soul to Hades with an earthquake’s force!

“This soothing hope made brief my longest hours,
Sweetened woe’s bitters, and changed thorns to flowers,
Purged from my soul all taints of base alloy,
Unto my heart imparted peace and joy,
Clad Disappointment in a radiant dress,
And, ’mid defeat, still whisper’d of success!

“This hope it was that, like the pillar’d fire
That led the Israelites from Pharaoh’s ire,
In still-increasing, and more lustrous dyes,
Day after day arose before my eyes,
Until, with power magnetic, it propelled
My feet to follow on the course it held!

“And so I’m here—a Nemesis empowered
To wrench from thee this sceptre, crown and sword,
And mock thy writhing tortures thus to-day
To see our janizaries spurn thy sway,
While Chiefs and Pashas, circling in a line,
Forswear allegiance unto thee and thine!

“All animated by a loyal zeal
For us and for the Empire’s common weal,
From Vizier Hené, thro’ gradations, down
E’en to yon cap-and-bell bedizened clown,

In secret conclave, with acuteness, planned
Of thee and of thy race to rid this land !

" And now ; unto the final point to come,
Since mine's the task to interpret thy doom,
And thus my oft repeated vow fulfil,
To find no peace, nor rest, nor pleasure till,
Plunged deeply, far beyond the Hakim's* art,
This blade, that smote my sire, had skewer'd thy heart !"

So saying, his scimitar above his head
He whirl'd, till round a nimbus light it spread,
While, with a bound, he cleared the lofty stair,
And then—a gurgling groan, that thrill'd the air,
Rose thro' the chamber from the marble floor,
Where welt'ring lay the tyrant in his gore !

This, in brief words, devoid of ornate lines
That but encumber what the Muse enshrines,
Is history's record of Prince Selim's tale,
Proclaiming, aye, that Justice must prevail
Despite conspiring despots—kings or popes—
And all their retinue of blocks and ropes !

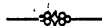
* The lately ennobled Laureate would, no doubt, have us believe that this word was originally written "Hack'em," the Arabic equivalent for the English "Sawbones," since, in one of his recent poems, he describes the surgeon in charge of a children's hospital "with coarse red hair, big face, big chest, big merciless hands, happier in using the knife than in trying to save the limb," and he further endorses this by adding :—

" That I can well believe : for he looked so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests
on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him, and fawned at
his knee,
Drench'd with the hellish coral—that ever such things should
be !"

A verse more ungenerously contrived to slander and insult a noble profession, which the poets and orators of all ages and nations alike have decorated with the palm due to self-denying virtues, pitying kindness, enthusiastic devotion, and unwearying charity in the service of humanity, was never written.



Patriotic Pieces.*



TO "SPERANZA."†

To thee, O supreme queen of Irish song,
Whose strains, like those great Sappho waked of old,
With trumpet-toned vibrations sweep along,
As thunder-peals the echoing hills among,
Inspiring terror 'mong the hosts of Wrong,
And calling forth a nation's brave and bold
To beard the tyrant in his own stronghold.

* Political subjects in general are *not* the best suited for the display of poetic genius of a high order—it finds, in my opinion, a much more congenial home among the domestic affections, or when employed upon moral, descriptive, or pastoral themes. Yet it must be admitted that poets, who by surrounding circumstances are induced to mingle in politics, become more truly liberal, in the fullest acceptation of the term than the professing liberals who think in prose. Milton, Goethe, Shelley, Byron, and Longfellow were all ardently, almost transcendently liberal in their belief as to the possibilities open to humanity, and it would be easy to multiply examples of smaller men—such as Thomas Cooper, the author of the "Purgatory of Suicides," and Ernest Jones, the chartist lecturer, and author of "The Battle Day, and other Poems,"—whose convictions led them into constant and sometimes dangerous opposition—as was the case with Leigh Hunt—to the generally received authorities of the world, and whose development of poetical feeling has been unmistakably genuine and marked.

† Widow of the distinguished Irish Physician and *savant*, Sir

To thee who, in the fulness of thy noontide, shed
A glory-deluge o'er our prostrate land,
Bright as the nimbus round a saintly head,
Or as the pillar'd flame that safely led
God's fav'rite children from a Pharaoh's dread,
And, like another Miriam, harp in hand,
Thrill'd round thy pæans beautiful and grand !

To thee who, when at length life's lowering eve
Its lengthening shadows flung across thy road,
Chose not in solitude to brood and grieve
O'er hopes that blossom'd only to deceive,
When puny hands attempted to upheave
The pond'rous stone that, with a mountain's load,
A nation held in Tyranny's abode ;

But, like a faithful sentinel, doth still
Before the portals of fair Freedom's home
Await and watch the hour, when Erin will,
Before the world, her destiny fulfil,
And, enthroned, sit on royal Tara's hill,
Or, better still, beneath her senate's dome,
Great as the mighty ones of Greece or Rome.

To thee, O unto thee, my bosom feels
A homage it ne'er paid to shrine or throne,
And, buoy'd with hope e'en such as Faith reveals

William, and mother of the æsthetic poet, Oscar Wilde. During the stormy period of the "Forty-eight" movement, and for many years after, she was a constant and prominent contributor to the poetical columns of the national press. In more recent times she has figured frequently and favourably as a translator of popular German works, and there cannot be any doubt but her studies in that school of Mysticism added to her early evidenced love of oriental Metaphor, have prevented her poetry, just as the same causes have prevented that of Clarence Mangan—from becoming as popular as, otherwise, it might. Her genius is admittedly of a bold and masculine order, and her poems, which are full of luxurious imagery and decisive strength, are elegant and eloquent sermons, that for the time being at least, move our very souls with their vehement and passionate appealing.

To him alone who trustfully appeals,
Low at thy feet thy brother therefore kneels,
Enraptur'd by the glory round thee strown,
And begs thee take this spray thy temples to en-
zone!



"WHO WAS DAVIS, PAPA?"*

[Written on hearing a child ask this question of his father, who was admiring Hogan's beautiful statue of the patriot poet in Mount Jerome Cemetery.]

"A LEADER like him who of old, my boy,
Led the legions of Israel's fold, my boy,
At whose kingly command
Rose a Spartan-like band,
In whose ranks all our hopes were enroll'd, my boy.

* Many years ago the late Sir William Wilde suggested that this memorial should be removed from a site that subjects it to the ruinous effects of an intensely humid atmosphere. Several distinguished persons—friends of the poet and of the artist, among them the late Sir John Gray—adopted the suggestion, and proposed that immediate action should be taken in the matter. Mr. Cahill, the well-known sculptor, stated that on examination he found the ear had cracked, and that further decay would speedily show itself. From a letter which has since appeared in the public press, from the pen of Alderman Valentine Blake Dillon, it is evident that this prognostication has been but too truly realized. Surely before it is too late some action should be taken to preserve not only to Davis, but to Hogan, a memorial so interesting to Irishmen of all creeds and classes. Under the circumstances the Cemetery Committee could scarcely object to its removal; and I am certain the Corporation would give it a prominent site in the City Hall, where, side by side with Grattan, Lucas, O'Connell, and MacCarthy, the stranger and the citizen alike would have, for ages to come, an opportunity of admiring this life-like counterpart of one of Ireland's sweetest bards and truest patriots.

To merely enumerate the poetical and prose tributes that have been paid to the memory of Davis, during the thirty-nine years that have

" A minstrel whose tocsin-toned strains, my boy,
 Vibratè over mountains and plains, my boy,
 To a music that rings
 Thro' our soul's inmost strings,
 Like the rending of slave-binding chains, my boy!

" A statesman whose luminous mind, my boy,
 No drastic-drawn edicts could bind, my boy,
 But clear as yon sun,
 Till his journey was run,
 Flung his glory around on mankind, my boy.

" A martyr, tho' he did not yield, my boy;
 His breath on the scaffold or field, my boy,
 But fell at his post,
 While th' enemy's host,
 Like tempest-tost billows all reeled, my boy.

elapsed since his death, would swell this volume far beyond its intended limits. I cannot, however, refrain from quoting from a few that are remarkable for their simple beauty:—

"As for writing," says his friend Wallace, "there is enough to make men love him, and guess at him—and what more can the best readers do, with the supremest writer, though he lived to the age of Sophocles and Goethe? The true loss is the Oak's timber, not its acorns or the flowers at its base. The loss of his immediate influence on the events of his time, and on the souls of his contemporaries, by guidance and example—*that* is the true bereavement; one which possibly many generations to come will be suffering from and expiating, consciously or unconsciously."

"To have written of him as I felt during his life time," says Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, "would have rudely wounded his modest and sensitive nature. But I may now declare that, though he was foremost among the young poets of his day, *his greatest poem was his life*. It never has been my fortune to meet so noble a human creature; so variously gifted, so unaffectedly just, generous, and upright, so utterly without selfishness, and without vanity, and I never expect to meet such another."

Even writers who, at that period, experienced obloquy and reviling because their ideas did not appear to be sufficiently advanced to meet the requirements of the extremists in the "Young Ireland"

"A man in whose bosom enthroned, my boy,
All virtues combined were enzoned, my boy,
Whose motto was—'Still
Fight onward until
By Irishmen Ireland be owned, my boy !"

"Such such is the story in brief, my boy,
Of him the young 'Forty-eight' chief, my boy,
To whose genius and worth,
O'er this image-crowned earth,
A nation still bows in her grief, my boy."

party, pushed aside for the moment, all petty differences, and, with voice or pen, joined in the universal sorrow.

Prominently among those was Sir Samuel Ferguson—than whom Ireland to-day possesses no truer poet, nor one of whom she has more reason to be proud. In a peculiar metre, that well accords with a feeling and plaintive music, essentially Irish in its characteristics, he thus laments his own and Ireland's loss :—

And, alas ! to think but now and thou art lying,

Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee :

And I, no mother near, on my own sick bed,

That face on earth shall never see !

I may lie and try to feel that I am not dreaming—

I may lie and try to say "Thy will be done !"

But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin

For the loss of the noble son.

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,

That He will not suffer those right hands,

Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock,

To draw opposing brands.

Oh ! many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal

Would lie cold and silent then :

And songless long once more should often widowed Erin

Mourn the loss of her brave young men.

Oh, brave young men ! my love, my pride, my promise,

'Tis on you my hopes are set,

In manliness, in kindness, in justice,

To make Erin a nation yet—

Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,

In union, or in severance, free and strong.

And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis

Let the greater praise belong !

"THE LAND WE'LL HOLD."

"No history can produce an instance of men like you, musing for years upon oppression, and then, upon a determination of right, *rescuing the land*."—HENRY GRATTAN on the "Declaration of Rights," 1782.

BREATHE forth, my soul, in thrilling song,
Since fate may now decide
If o'er our necks for ages long
Our foe is still to ride,
Or if, regardful of our sires,
Who fought and fell of yore,
We're destined yet o'er crags and spires
To flaunt the flag they bore,
And trace upon each em'rald fold—
"The land we've made—the land we'll hold!"

Sunrise of liberty divine!
Parent of art and thought!
Whose rays on cell or scaffold shine
With glorious haloes fraught—
Ignite thy luminous torch to-day,
And let its dazzling beams,
Encircling round our island, play
In soul-enlightening streams,
While bells are pealed, and drums are rolled,
And millions shout, "The land we'll hold!"

Dear land of Brian and O'Neill,
Of Sarsfield and O'Toole,
Where faith inspires with fervid zeal,
And love and beauty rule—
Oh! surely God decreed it not
That thou shouldst suckle slaves,
To cringe and starve, to die and rot,
In unremembered graves?
Not so! since now in hosts enrolled
We've pledged our oaths "the land to hold!"

Dumb is the tongue and deaf the ear
That heedeth not that cry,
Which thrills the traitor's heart with fear,
And makes the dastard fly—
A cry that rends the helots' chains,
And bids the feudal lords
Restore at once those broad domains
Usurped by alien hordes—
For, doomed at length, their knell we've tolled
In thund'ring tones—"The land we'll hold!"

The dawn has come—oh, glorious sight!—
Of freedom's op'ning day,
And all the clouds of slav'ry's night
Affrighted shrink away!
While we like Roman legions stand
Defiant, proud and strong,
Impatient for our chief's command
To crush the powers of Wrong,
'Mid shouts o'er all the nations rolled—
"The land we've won—the land we'll hold!"



TO EIRE.

OH, why didst thou for such a weary while
Sit like a slave without a song or smile,
At thy oppressor's feet,
Whilst, with a merry laugh and jub'lant voice,
The sister nations of thy bosom's choice
Bask'd in her glory, and made wild rejoice
Round Freedom's seat!

The jocund Spring with its melodious lays—
The ardent Summer with its varied rays—
The Autumn's golden glow—

With all their potent pow'r could not impart
A transient joy unto thy aching heart,
Or, with halcyon balms, relieve the smart
Of thy great woe !

Above thee sat enthroned a ghoulish thing,
Whom Want and Misery proclaimed their King,
Yet shrunk from him afraid ;
While young and old, the beautiful and brave,
With winged haste, sped o'er the surging wave,
Rather than dwell with thee, and fill a grave
For paupers made !

But lo ! with lightning speed across the skies
From shore to shore behold an Iris rise,
Foreboding coming good ;
And, warmly mingling on its path of light—
Like friends long lost unto each other's sight—
See Orange tints with emerald hues unite
O'er Discord's flood !

In loving ranks, beneath this glorious arch,
Oh ! may thy sons thro' future ages march,
And thus fulfil the dream
That fired the lava of O'Connell's soul—
Made Grattan's speech like booming billows roll—
And round thy Parnell flings an aureole
Of quençhless beam.



"A THOUSAND BRAVE FELLOWS IN PRISON!"*

"A THOUSAND brave fellows in prison!" Good God!
 And this is the act of the Statesman who rose
 As the champion of all who were wrongly downtrod,
 From Naples to where the broad Vistula flows!
 And, helping him on,—O, infamy's blot
 A fairer escutcheon hath never disgraced—
 Behold a great tribune whose name we once thought
 From the annals of Freedom could ne'er be effaced!†

"A thousand brave fellows in prison!" and yet
 No signs of submission our serried ranks show,
 But, still, with our eyes on their destined goal set,
 Sound the tocsin—"No Rent" in the ears of our foe.
 While frightened and trembling from usurped domains,
 Like robbers that fly from the first glimpse of light,
 In caravans vast as the desert's long trains,
 The "settlers" of Cromwell and Strongbow take flight!

"A thousand brave fellows in prison!" meanwhile
 The troopers of Britain, with bayonets and shot,
 Are tracking our island for many a mile,
 With stains that Niagara could never outblot!

* "Under Mr. Forster's Coercion Act of 1881—the 'Property and Person Protection Act'—the number of prisons in Ireland was raised from five to twelve, and the total number of 'village ruffians' imprisoned under the Act down to last July was 987, the largest number imprisoned at any one time having been 624, during the week that ended the 6th March last. Upwards of twenty additional arrests were made before the expiration of the Act on the 30th of September, 1882. What an extraordinary revelation in this latter half of the nineteenth century—close upon a thousand persons arrested on suspicion, and confined for an indefinite period in prison without trial or conviction. Comment or condemnation on such a state of things is quite unnecessary. We believe it may be safely laid down that we can find no parallel to it in the history of any civilised country in ancient or modern times."—*Freeman's Journal*, October 9th, 1882.

† The Right Hon. John Bright.

Yet stemless and strong, as the Shannon's deep well,
Still onward we sweep with a fearless disdain
Of all the resources they borrowed from hell,
Determined to fall or, as freemen, remain !

" A thousand brave fellows in prison ! " But lo !
No trophies of triumph their gaolers display ;
Whilst we, like the Boers, bound in union can show
The power of our " passive resistance " to-day !
Already behold in their proud castle halls,
Where our " rulers " assemble to sup, sing and feast,
A doom-telling legend encircles the walls—
" Lo ! tyrants ! your long reign of plunder has ceased ! "

" A thousand brave fellows in prison ! " Yet more
Than twice that in millions would venture their fates,
Their parents and kindred again to restore
To th' hearths and th' graves that their love consecrates,
And surely as rises yon sun o'er our heads
With a speed that no mortal has power to restrain,
Ourselves, with God's help, or our sons in our steads
Shall raise up in freedom the green flag again !



COLLEGE GREEN.

I stood in Dublin on that sacred spot
Where met the Volunteers in " Eighty-two,"
And saw that Hall where Flood and Grattan fought,
In solemn grandeur rise before my view.
The mists of Time before my gaze withdrew,
And forms familiar to my mental eyes
Passed onward, like an army in review,
And as they fled—those shades of great and wise—
With dark and scowling brows glared at me in surprise.

I turned me then around, and there arose
Another structure of a by-gone age,
About whose ev'ry stone a halo glows
Bright with proud mem'ries of bard and sage.
And then before me Cleo ope'd her page,
And read her r cords of those days gone by,
When Freedom's cause in both halls did engage
Student and statesman ; and I heaved a sigh
That we, their sons ingrate, should let their fame outdie.

" O, land renowned in song and tale !" I cried,
" Why is it thus, that on this hallowed ground,
Where, standing forth in patriotic pride,
Thy breathing Grattan seems to gaze around
For figures that in life were near him found ?
Or why, on blocks of native-quarried stone,
In this valhalla hast thou not enthroned
Boru, O'Donnell, Sarsfield, Hugh, or Owen—
Thy Emmet, Sheares or Orr, thy Edward and thy Tone ?

" And why, oh ! why, with sycophancy base
As ever lowered the brow or knee of shame,
Hast thou, within the precincts of this place,
So honoured in the annals of thy fame—
Despite low murmurs and loud-voic d blame—
Upraised a Prince's brazen effigy,*
Whose mem'ry on thy love could lay no claim,
Save that, Attila-like, he trampled thee,
And robb'd thee of thy Faith, thy Trade, and Liberty ?

" Alas, my Country ! is it still decreed
That thou must flounder in corruption's mire,
And from thy womb exude a vampire breed
To suck thy life-blood for traitorous hire ?
Extinguished, say, is that old proud desire

* William of Orange, who is represented "in the garb of old Gaul," and mounted on a saddleless horse of most unnatural conception and unartistic moulding.

That throb'd emulous thro' our father's souls?
If not, oh! may thy children soon aspire
Beyond ambitioning those menial goals
Where liv'ried slaves preside, but Slav'ry's self controls!"



'TIS NOT IN LEGIONS.

'Tis not in legions vast and grand,
Or pageantry resplendent,
A nation's homage to command
Whose soul is independent.

Nor yet is it within the power
Of titles, place, or riches
To lure, tho' reft of dole and dower,
Her children from her clutches.

'Tis true her Gonerils and Cains
Upon her bier would leave her,
But from her womb in serried trains,
She brings forth sons to save her.

Then shall it be that Anger's frown
O'erspreading Kindred's features,
Or even hers I call "my own"—
If 'mongst the base beseechers—

Can now the vows of youth dissolve
To make Life's occupation
One ceaseless effort to evolve
My isle into a nation?

Oh, no! for he who barter's Land
Or Faith for traitor's guerdon,
On earth contemn'd, from heaven bann'd,
Shall die despairing pardon.

Whilst he of pure unsullied soul,
Who aims with high endeavour—
Surviving Death's and Time's control—
With Fame shall live for ever!

PARNELL.

"Great chieftain of Freedom, proud Erin's alone,
Whose soul like a thunder-cloud, born in the blue,
Can shake to its centre the foreigner's throne,
While it nurtures the sweet native green with its dew!"

—T. C. IRWIN.

UNNUMBERED the heroes who never were crowned
With blossom or bay from the garden or grove,
Who marshalled the vanguard of Freedom, yet found
No garlands or wreaths in the lands of their love.
Some fell in the battle—unhonoured, unsung,
Some mounted the scaffold with patriot pride,
While others from country and kindred were wrung
By the might of the Despots whose power they defied!

Immortal their mem'ries! they still live to tell
How Falsity's poniard struck deep at their lives;
How Tyranny triumphed, and sorrow befell
The cause that through ages of slaughter survives!
Ay, lives to bestow on our manhood such gains
As only result from the models they wrought,
Proclaiming the lesson that victorless trains,
If noble their efforts are never forgot!

But ne'er since our martyrs first offer'd their blood
To halo with glory our sanctified cause,
Have we 'neath the Iris of Unity stood,
A tribune more worthy to greet with applause
Why gathered we garlands entwreathed with flowers,
All sparkling with gems of our heart's purest dew,
And scatter'd them round him in odorous showers,
Till the foliage of Eden his path seem'd to strew?

Oh! 'twas that we prized him all princes above—
Begotten by Truth and Nobility high—
Whose soul is the fountain of Justice and Love,
That from Liberty's ocean obtains its supply!

Whose genius has gathered around him a band,
Inspired with the valour that triumphed of yore,
When, assembled round Brian, our sires took their stand,
And drove the fierce Vikings away from our shore !

Whose leadership 'minds us of him who once led
From Pharaoh's dark bondage a nation of slaves,
Or of him who crushed tyranny under his tread,
And swept the Assyrian's host to their graves !
Commanding like Hofer his brave mountaineers—
Like Tell, proudly scorning a Gesler's dread wrath—
Or like Winkelried, grasping a bundle of spears,
For the soldiers of Freedom he opened a path !

And what !—tho' the minions of Britain now grasp,
And consign him awhile to a jailer's control,
When forged they a fetter *his* spirit could clasp,
Who into a nation infused a new soul ?
And e'en tho' to-morrow he lay with the dead,
Our millions would wage on the war he begun,
Till our foes, like their sires, at the "Yellow Ford," fled
As the mists of the morn dispers'd by the sun !



TO MY BRIDE.

Love of my love ! Heart of my heart !
How would I feel requited,
E'en tho' from life I should depart
The hour that saw thee righted ;
And, once again on Tara crown'd,
Sublimely grand and tender,
Beheld thy queenly brow enzoned
With gems of royal splendour !

Despoil'd, alas ! by foreign hate,
Allied with native malice,
Thou hast to-day no sovereign state,
No ensign, throne, or palace ;

No commerce, arts, or arm are thine,
No language, laws, nor even
Hast thou been left an olden shrine
Uprear'd by Faith to heaven !

But yet, tho' poor and dew'd with tears,
Like Niobe in sorrow,
Thy brow to me a glory wears
Thy rival's cannot borrow !
And what's the worth of all her state—
Her vassals and retainers—
If none around will congregate,
Save parasites and gainers ?

So welcome weal, or welcome woe,
Thy love I'll ne'er surrender
For all proud Albion's glitt'ring show
Of transitory splendour !
And hence my lot with thine I'll stake,
Nor e'er regret the venture,
Since, come what may, my name shall make
No butt for Freedom's censure !



ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.*

WHEN from Dungannon's natal bed,
Amid a springtide's mirth,
In "Eighty-two" the tidings spread—
A nationhood had birth.

* On the 16th February, 1782, "the church of Dungannon was fall to the door;" and on the 22nd of the same month Grattan moved a spirited and patriotic address to the king, delivering a bold and eloquent speech. He said—"Ireland is strength. She has acquired that strength by the weakness of Britain, for Ireland was saved when America was lost. When England conquered, Ireland was coerced; when she was defeated, Ireland was relieved. Have you not all of you, when you heard of a defeat, at the same instant condoled with

Oh, then, like thunders rumb'ling loud,
 Vibrated deaf'ning cheers,
 While rose our flag as from a shroud,
 High o'er our Volunteers.
 But yet a grander sight was seen,
 Where Liffey's waters flow,
 When waved that flag in College Green
 One hundred years ago !

On horse and foot, in squadrons thrown,
 O'er bridge and street and quay,
 Then burst the sun o'er Dublin town,
 With bright and cheerful ray,
 While women fair, in clust'ring bands,
 Thronged roofs and balustrades,
 And waved their scarfs and clapp'd their hands
 To greet the cavalcades.
 Oh, then the grander sight was seen,
 Where Liffey's waters flow,
 When bugles rang thro' College Green
 One hundred years ago !

England and congratulated Ireland? . . . An Irish army, the wonder of the world, has now existed for three years, where every soldier is a freeman, determined to shed the last drop of blood to defend his country. . . . The enemy threaten an invasion; the Irish army comes forward; administration is struck dumb with wonder; their deputies, in their military dress, go up to the Castle, not as a servile crowd of courtiers attending the Lord Lieutenant's levee, but as his protectors; while the cringing crowd of sycophants swarm about the treasury; and, after having thrown away their arms, offer nothing but naked servitude."

After speeches from Flood and Bushe, and others, with weak harangues from the Government side, the Attorney-General moved the postponement of the debate until the 1st of August. "The cringing crowd of sycophants" caught eagerly at the chance and voted in its favour. But a change was coming; steel had proved itself a truer metal than gold; and Irishmen

"Remember still, through good and ill,
 How vain were prayers and tears;
 How vain were words till flashed the swords
 Of the Irish Volunteers."

'Mong smiling friends and scowling foes—
Clad in the mail of right—
Then in our senate Grattan rose,
Like Ajax in his might !—
“This isle of ours,” he fearless cried,
“In language, laws or creed,
Was ne'er designed to be allied
To aught of Albion's breed !”
Oh, then the grander sight was seen
Where Liffey's waters flow,
When sabres flash'd in College Green
One hundred years ago !

“Imperial though the circlet be
Around her brow enzoned,
No more she'll bend a suppliant knee
To strangers here enthroned,
Nor shall the legend we have traced—
‘Our Parliament and King!’

The Dungannon declaration had done its work : the British Ministry was changed. Lord Carlisle and Eden retired to their native shores. Fox had been called to the councils of King George, and the Duke of Portland was sent as Viceroy to Ireland. Hence, on the 16th of April, the reporter, whose services we have availed ourselves of heretofore, records that “the house having met, the galleries and bar being crowded with spectators, and every heart panting with expectation, about five o'clock, when the Speaker had taken the chair,” Hely Hutchinson, who had been appointed Chief Secretary, read the historic message from the Viceroy, yielding, on behalf of the King, all that Ireland had demanded. It was a scene for defter pens than ours to record—a moment to be treasured in the memories of Irishmen for centuries. Youth and beauty, rank and fashion, filled the galleries of the Senate House; patriotic valor guarded its portals. Grattan moved the Declaration of Rights; it was carried—Ireland was free. The last rays of the setting sun flashing on the bayonets of the Volunteers, colouring the walls of the Houses of Parliament with its roseate and golden light, seemed God's benison on man's work so manfully done, and the harbinger of a glorious future.—W. F. DENNEHY.

Be ever from that flag erased
Which now aloft we fling !”
Oh, then indeed the sight was seen
Where Liffey’s waters flow,
When pealed our guns from College Green
One hundred years ago !

These glories now, like dreams, have flown—
Our commons, king and peers—
And—worse than all—alas ! we own
No arms or volunteers ;
But yet we hope, within our time,
Some champion brave and true
As Grattan shall, with voice sublime,
His greetings all renew !*
Oh, then such sight was never seen,
Where Liffey’s waters flow,
Since Freedom basked in College Green
One hundred years ago !



WESTWARD HO !

Impromptu verses written on witnessing the departure of an Emigrant
Ship from the Bay of Dublin.

“ Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads her sail,
That idly waiting flaps with ev’ry gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.”

—GOLDSMITH.

Oh, God! why should it be
That, seared and broken-hearted,
From us, across yon sea,
Our kin must thus be parted ?

* “ I found Ireland on her knees, I watched over her with a paternal solicitude ; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift ! spirit of Molyneux ! your genius has prevailed ; Ireland is now a nation ! In that new character I hail her ! and bowing down to her august presence I say—*Esto perpetua.*”—*Speech of Henry Grattan in the Irish Parliament, on the 16th day of April, 1782.*

Why thus in troops be sent
By crowbar, torch, and sabre
Who here, with full content,
Among their own should labor?
Like shamrock leaves uncleft,
In union link'd together,
Oh,—why are they not left
Life's changeful days to weather?
Why should this be? oh!—tost
On speculation's ocean—
Rebellious soul, ere lost,
Cease—questioning God's motion !*



FAIR DAUGHTERS OF MY NATIVE LAND.

FAIR daughters of my native land,
Who 'neath her olden banner stand,
In matron pride or maiden youth,
Bearing the torch and shield of Truth.
O how your prisoned brothers' eyes—
O'erwelling with fond sympathies—
Approvingly gaze on the work
Ye scorn for threats or pains to shirk !

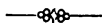
Like Andromeda 'mid the sea
Chained to the rock of Tyranny,
And crying for help to all around—
Our hapless mother-land ye found.
Then, while her sons, whose filial love
Soars ev'ry littleness above,
With Spartan prowess fought her foe
Ye minister'd to those laid low !

* The latest calculation of statisticians sets the Irish census in the present year (1884) at a miserable handful of *four million nine hundred thousand souls* !

Like envoys sent around our isle
To bid the sorrow-stricken smile,
Diffusing warmth, joy, and light,
Ye glide before my dreamy sight,
Still gath'ring on in phalanx strong,
Till all that's famed in tale or song—
From Joan to Saragossa's maid—
In undimmed glory seems display'd !

Tell—tell me not of Peri hosts :
A nobler band my Erinn boasts !
Yet had not Wrong her vitals torn
Ye were a mockery unborne—
Things to be hunted from men's eyes
Unworthy honest sympathies,
But now—so sacred is your cause—
Nature, for once, inverts her laws !

With all the honours Fame can give
To sterling worth, your names shall live,
And bards, unborn yet, shall string
Resounding harps your praise to sing,
While History's muse shall consecrate
Those deeds 'tis ours to contemplate,
And on her scroll record your merit
For Christian love and Patriot spirit !



THE MINSTRELS OF ERIN.

ONE toast let us drink to the Minstrels of Erin,
Whose mem'ries with glory encircle our shore,
Who swept their wild harps for Chief, Tanist and Kerne,
Thro' long-vistaed ages from Oisín* to Moore !

* Oisín, son of Finn, the greatest of the ancient Irish bards.

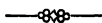
How sweetly they sang in their soft-rolling numbers,
Of days when the Fenii,* 'neath "sunbursts" of gold,
'Mong mountains and vales awoke from their slumbers,
And swept on their foemen like wolves on a fold!

How loud rang the strains that old Fergus† sent swelling
Thro' castles of Cormac‡ and campings of Finn,
And, O! with what pride he dwelt when a-telling
How chiefs were enraptured with Norah of Glynn!

They sent thro' the veins of their spell-entranced hearers
Vibrations that echoed from soul-depths of song,
Till up in their might rose the bold "Coulin"§ wearers
Their vengeance to wreak on the minions of Wrong!

Wherever they went, there were none among mortals—
Milesians or Norsemen, Phœnicians or Gaels—
More welcomely met at their proud castle portals
By Kincora Brians or Tyrconnell O'Neills!

Then drink we "Our Bards," who with beauty and grandeur
Have clothed those legends of eras sublime,
That, spite of our foes—whether native or stranger—
Shall traverse in glory the pathways of Time!



THE SONS OF DE SALLE.||

Ye thoughtless and gay who unceasingly bask
In the tinsel-tinged glitter which Pleasure has spread,
Alluringly bright, round her siren-like mask,
While inviting your steps on her pathway to tread!

* The native militia founded and commanded by Finn.

† Fergus Fibheoil (or sweet-lips), the chief bard of Finn.

‡ Cormac O'Conn, King of Ireland.

§ "Coulin," a long lock of hair worn by the native Irish at and after the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion, the better to distinguish them from the English settlers.

|| The Venerable J. Baptiste De Salle, founder of the religious and educational Community, popularly known amongst us as the "Christian Brothers."

O, pause for a moment 'mid dance and 'mid song,
And hearken, O hearken, to the voice of thy soul,
That whispers—"How long last thy triumphs, how long—
Ere for thee and for them the sad death knell shall toll,
And thy treasures be scatter'd like wrecks in a gale,
And thy hopes be extinguished like fire-flames of Baal?"

Then think, O then think, what a destiny high
For each one of us all was ordained in our sphere
If, unwar'ring ever, on God we rely,
And in re'lity be what we fain would appear,—
If the lowly we aid and lift them above
The grov'ling temptations that round them abound,
'Till, won to the pathways of Virtue and Love,
They discover an Eden on earth can be found;
O, if these be our aims, e'en tho' demons assail
With the weapons of Darkness, we're sure to prevail!

Thus musing, I wander in fancy, away
From the city's wild vortex of bustle and strife,
To a scene that uprises before me to-day
An oasis bright in the desert of life!
And there I again meet those friends of my youth
Who, by death or by time, have been drifted afar,
And, moving among them, like envoys of Truth,
I behold the preceptors of Cross and of Star,*
And I hear a voice whisper—"O, son of the Gael,
Let thy sweetest song be of the Sons of De Salle!

Ere morning has peered thro' the gates of the east,
To illumine the dewdrop, and open the rose,
Or summon the lark, and arouse man and beast
To the labours of day from a blissful repose,
I see ye assemble, all rev'rent, and bend
'Fore an altar o'erladen with tapers and flow'rs,

* The armorial bearings of the Community.

And hear ye our church and our country commend
To the wardship of God and His protecting pow'rs.
O, I think that such matins balm-odour the gale
Like the breathings of censers, dear Sons of De Salle !

Then, one after one, ye arise and depart
On the noblest of missions that man e'er essayed—
The signet of Faith to imprint on each heart,
And with promptings inspiring the mind to pervade.
All gently as breezes thro' Eden's bowers blown,
Ye scatter rich treasures from the archives of Lore,
And, with a proud look and a soul-thrilling tone
Re-embody the glories of days that are o'er.
O, surely such teachings never falter or fail
In the fruitage of true men, brave Sons of De Salle !

Long, long may ye flourish, to cheer with your smile
The seedlings and saplings now growing 'neath your care,
Till, waked from her slumbers, our loved mother isle,
From her pallet shall rise to a regal-throned chair.
O then, 'mid the plaudits of music and song,
Shall a nation, enfranchised, before the wide earth,
Such guerdons accord ye as only belong
To the champions victorious of Truth and of Worth,
Whilst the prayers of a people from hillside and vale
Shall God's blessings invoke on the sons of De Salle !



PARNELL THE TRUE.

Air—"O'DONNELL ABOO."

An Impromptu written on the occasion of the Parnell Demonstration,
September 25, 1881.

MARSHALLED in legions the Palesmen assemble
Like waves of the ocean—Lord, how they grow !
Affrighted the minions of Tyranny tremble,
Fleeing from the highways with torches aglow.

What means this thrilling sight—
Changing to day the night—
Waving the banners of Erin in view?
Trader and artisan
Swelling the mighty van,
Cheering in chorus for Parnell the True!

Loudly the trumpets the night echoes waken,
Unbroken in line the serried ranks tread,
Strong in a faith that remains yet unshaken,
Onwards they march with their chiefs at their head.
Fearless of Britain's powers,
Close by her castle towers
See them triumphantly pass in review,
While all along the route
Loud rings the thunder-shout—
“Hurrah for our Tribune, Parnell the True!”

Fiercely our foemen, their terror concealing,
Gaze in amazement at each passing scene:
Frenzied and dumb they behold him appealing
Sublimely and grand 'mid our old College Green.
List! how they fume and swear—
“They shall no longer bear
Glimpses of Freedom to gladden our view—
Shackled with gyve and chain
Helots we must remain,
Spite all the labours of Parnell the True.”

Proudly and swiftly our cause has uprisen,
Dawning like morning o'er mountain and plain,
Flinging its radiance o'er cottage and prison,
Breathing the music of Liberty's strain.
Look ye upon the walls
Of Erin's senate halls,
Haloed with mem'ries of proud “Eighty-two,”
“It was and it shall be,”
Readeth the prophecy,
Waiting the advent of Parnell the True!

DIONYSIUS.

WHEN, in the distance of past time afar,
Ceased the loud din of Peloponnesian war
And Dionysius took 'neath his command
The hirelings scatter'd from his foeman's band,
Advancing flames, that swept from town to town,
Proclaimed, with hissing tongues, his dread renown,
And glorious temples, palaces, and shrines,
Rent, blacken'd and despoiled—map'd out his lines ?

Gelon's rich mantle—made of golden ore—
From off the statued Jupiter he tore,
And, in its stead, a woollen robe replaced
Asserting "it the figure better graced !"
While from Æsculapius he wrench'd to shreds
The glitt'ring beard of Opher-woven threads,
Declaring it "unmeet Apollo's son
Such tufts should wear since he—his sire—had none !"

"See how the immortal gods" he, laughing, cried—
When, gorged with plunder, steering o'er the tide—
"See how the immortal gods, from heaven to-day,
With fav'ring eyes my sacrilege survey !"
Then contemplating pictures, ewers, and crowns,
Filch'd from the conquer'd Carthaginian towns,
He cried to his attendants—"Who'd refuse
Of such great bounty to make grateful use ?"*

* Dionysius was now feared both in Italy and Sicily, and he seems to have aspired at one time to the dominion of both countries. In order to raise money, he allied himself with the Illyrians, and proposed to them the joint plunder of the temple of Delphi: the enterprise however failed. He then plundered several temples, such as that of Proserpina, at Locri, and as he sailed back with the plunder with a fair wind, he, who was a humorist in his way, observed to his friends, "You see how the immortal Gods favour sacrilege." Having carried off a golden mantle from a statue of Jupiter, consecrated by Gelon out of the spoils of the Carthaginians, he replaced it by a

E'en so since first upon Duncannon's coast
 Adventurous hirelings trod in Strongbow's host,
 Slaughter and pillage, sacrilege and woe
 In turn swept on with tidal ebb and flow,
 Until, at length, the soil, enrich'd with blood,
 Produced for tyrants only wealth and food,
 While in transporting ships across the waves
 Our sires, like Rhegium's sons, were sold as slaves !

And so, the Celtic clans, by discords torn,
 Of beards and fields alike at once were shorn,
 While treasur'd relics, deem'd by Faith divine,
 From convent cloister and cathedral shrine,
 Crosses and censors, chalices and staffs,
 Amid irreverent jeers and jubl'ant laughs,
 Were piled in bonfires that, by chrims fed,
 From earth to heaven a lurid glamour spread !

Faith, laws, and language, literature and arts,
 Commerce and intercourse with friendly marts,
 Crown, throne, and sceptre—ev'ry valued thing
 To which an old and gallant people cling—
 All, at one swoop—like Java's beetling topt
 When doom'd amid convulsive throes, to drop,
 Were swallow'd up, as floating leaves or straws
 By Maelstrom whirls, within our tyrant's jaws !

woollen garment, saying that it was more suited to the vicissitudes of the seasons : he also took away a golden beard from *Æsculapius*, observing it was not becoming for the son of a beardless father (*Apollo*) to make a display of his beard. He likewise appropriated to himself the silver tables and golden vases and crowns in the temples, saying he would make use of the bounty of the Gods. He also made an invasion with a fleet on the coast of *Etruria*, and plundered the temple of *Cære*, or *Agylla*, of 1,000 talents. With these resources he again attacked *Rhegium*, and took it after a long and obstinate siege. He sold the surviving inhabitants as slaves, and put their commander to a cruel death.—*Cicero, De Natura Deorum*, iii. 34 ; *Ælianus Histor.*, i. 20.

† Fuseli never painted, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* never saw, and History never recorded anything, of its kind, that could tran-

But lo! e'en at this moment—big with fate—I tell
Prophetically, "How ends this parallel?"
Look round—behold the armaments prepared
The flags unfurled—the warfare weapons bared—
The troops, full officer'd drawn up in line,
The buglers waiting for the chieftain's sign,
Hark—hark the tocsin sounds, now watch the fray,
Dionysius dies, and—Carthage wins the day!

scend the extraordinary phenomenon which occurred on the 26th and 27th of August, 1883, at the volcanic island of Krakatoa, which lies well inside the entrance of the strait, separating Sumatra from Java. The scene as witnessed in three days afterwards, was thus graphically described to the Rev. Dr. Haughton, S.F., T.C.D., by Captain Amundsen, of the Norwegian barque "Borgila"—

"On the 30th the barque weighed anchor at 10 o'clock, a.m., shaping her course as far as possible towards Krakatoa, and expecting to see something wonderful there. But nothing was to be seen save that half the island—portions of which rose to an elevation of 3000 ft.—had disappeared and that a deep sea—in which no bottom could be found with a line of 600 fathoms—occupied the place of the other half. They sailed from Anjer with a seven-knot breeze, and in an open sea, but long before they reached Krakatoa they passed for many hours through masses of floating pumice, articles of household furniture, trees, and literally hundreds and hundreds of dead human bodies—men, women, and children—and eventually the sea became so thick that the vessel refused to steer, and for many hours afterwards, notwithstanding a fresh breeze that blew, she drifted to and fro with the Sunda Straits currents, surrounded with an awful accompanying flotilla of putrefying corpses." The loss of life caused by the convulsion is estimated at 100,000 persons.





Sentimental Lyrics.



LOVE.

DID not thy smile, O sacred love, remain,
Earth's fairest scenes would bloom for us in vain ;
'Tis thy absorbing pow'r that sheds its blest
And sunny radiance o'er the human breast,
And to each inner recess sends its bright,
Soft, social flame of soul-reflecting light,
Without whose lustre earth were but a tomb,
No charms of nature ever could illumine !
Most soothing of affections ! reft of thee
How sad the cycle of our lives would be !
Like a lone mariner upon the deep
And troubled ocean, ever doom'd to weep,
Without a friendly sail appearing on
The hazy and far-distant horizon,
Would man—the monarch of creation—live
Unknowing the tend'rest blessing life can give !
Thine are the charms that can alone beguile
The sunken eyes of sorrow till they smile,
And thine the pow'r that can, alike sustain
The pulse of pleasure or the pang of pain ;
And, with a thousand recollections fraught,
Arouse and mutualise long-dormant thought,
With sweet vibrations that brook not delay,
But undermine and bear the soul away

With melting music, harmonising each
Discordant string that jars within its reach,
Till, symphonised in halcyon diapason,
Our hearts pulsate and triumph o'er our reason !
O sacred Love ! in thee what is there not,
Of hallow'd feeling by "the world " forgot,
Which its cold teachings never could impart
Unto man's selfish and time-serving heart ?
O, purest of all passions ! without thee
Nature and life deserted wastes would be ;
And with thee—sure not e'en the angels know
A bliss more unalloy'd than we below !



OH ! MAIDEN SWEET.

Oh ! maiden sweet, stay not the sighs
That spring from love's devotion,
And vapour o'er these star-like eyes,
With mists of pure emotion.

For little of ourselves we know
Until from sad affliction
We learn, alas, that tales of woe
Are not confined to fiction.

Love never yet a vot'ry crown'd,
Whose hopes were all unclouded ;
Nor was his gay wreath ever found
Where thorns did not enshroud it.

We know effusive mists o'erhang
The morning's dawning glory ;
And, we are told, ere Sappho sang
She wept o'er Hellas' story.

Such tears as thine can only flow
On Pity's gentle claiming ;
Or when fond Love, with kindred glow,
Shares Virtue's sacred flaming.

'Tis only when it mourns and fears,
The spirit feels forgiven ;
And through the mists of falling tears
Obtains a glimpse of heaven.

Then stay them not—these fervid sighs—
That with volcanic motion,
Upheave thy breast, and dim thine eyes—
Attest thy heart's devotion.



YOUNG LOVE ONCE FLED.

YOUNG Love once fled from Beauty's bower,
Some newer charms to see,
And flutter'd round for many an hour,
Delighted to be free.

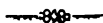
And when she ventured to upbraid,
He heeded not her sighing,
But shook his head and archly said,
“Are wings not made for flying ?

“And now that I have found the way
My pinions thus to use,
I will expand them every day,
And wander where I choose.”

Then Beauty, pouting, quick replied,—
“Fond boy, thy flights are o'er ;
For I will keep thee at my side,
And thou shalt stray no more.

"Nor doubt me, thou false-hearted thing,
My power there's no denying;
For I can clip thy restless wing,
And thus prevent thy flying."

To catch his wing then fondly strove
The nymph, but ah, in vain;
So true is it that fickle Love
Can break e'en Beauty's chain!



MY SOLDIER BRAVE.

My soldier brave! where'er thou art,
Altho', alas, I may not tarry,
Yet ev'ry throb of my fond heart
The wings of Love to thee shall carry.

And, if by fate thou'rt doomed to roam
Thro' snow-clad wastes, or wilds of prairie,
I feel no distance from our home—
Such troth as thine can ever vary.

Like faithful ivy that in vain,
From off its fav'rite tree is riven,
Some clinging tendrils will remain
Unseen save by the Eye of Heaven!

So round our hearts in by-gone years
Love wove a chain but death can sever,
And tho' no outward trace appears,
Its links twine closer now than ever!

And, like the thick and binding roots
That 'neath the stately oaks are spreading,
To vitalise their trunks and shoots
From springtide's bloom to Autumn's shedding.

Around us, as our years extend,
Oh, may these ties—so strong and lasting—
Encircling spread as if to fend
The ripeness of our hopes from blasting !



OH ! WHENCE IS THE SOUND ?

OH ! whence is the sound that so softly breaks
On the watchful young maiden's ear ;
And whose is the voice that so gently speaks,
For none but that maiden to hear ?

'Tis the voice of the youth she loves, and yet
She trembles its tones to obey ;
And that sound 's the oar of his gondolet,
Approaching to bear her away.

" Oh ! fresh o'er the waves blows the evening gale,
" Come, fly love," he whispers, " with me :
" See ! Hope 's already expanding our sail,
And Cupid our pilot will be."

" The moon, fully rounded and clear, my love,
Shall lighten our path o'er the tide ;
And thou'lt have no reason to fear, my love,
For I shall be close at thy side."

She open'd the lattice—no word she spoke
But beckon'd the gondolet near ;
And, flinging around her a sable cloak,
Set sail with her fond cavalier.

No more she return'd to her lonely bow'r,
But, wedded and happy to-day,
She varies her prayers by blessing the hour
She stole with her lover away.



THE HERMIT.

A song founded on Goldsmith's ballad in the "Vicar of Wakefield."

A MAIDEN beautiful to see,
Of old and proud descent,
Before a holy hermit's knee
In humble rev'rence bent.

"Oh, Father, I have come," she said,
"To tell thee all my sins,
And seek that grace from Him o'erhead
Which true contrition wins.

"Beloved was I long years ago
By a noble young and brave,
To whom my coldness dealt a blow
That drove him to the grave.

"But now enthroned among the blest,
He dwells in realms on high,
And there of him I'll go in quest,
So shrive me ere I die."

"Daughter!" exclaimed the holy man,
By gentle pity moved,
"Thou must not shorten life's brief span,
But pray for thy beloved.

"For better far he went before
Than stay to feel the pains
Capricious maidens keep in store
To torture faithful swains."

"Oh, no!" she sobbed, and called his name,
"Were he but here to greet——"
When lo! the friar of saintly fame
Uprose him from his seat.

"I'm here—I'm here!" he fondly cried,
Throwing off his cowl and vest,
And folding with a monarch's pride
The maiden to his breast.



OH! WOULD THAT WE.

OH! would that we,
Beyond the sea,
Dwelt in some island's centre,
Where wintry wind,
Or friend unkind,
Could find no door to enter.

Down cascades steep
The streams should leap
With youth's unbounded ardour,
Thro' past'ral vales
Where flowery dales
Made for their banks a border.

On moss-clad seats
In coy retreats
Embower'd 'mong alcoves hoary,
I'd tune my lyre
To soft Desire,
Or sing thee tales of glory.

Till feathered trains,
Lured by my strains,
From branches bending o'er us,
To Angel-ears
In yonder spheres
Aloft bore up the chorus.

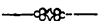
Oh, thus alone,
Unsought, unknown,
And free from all commotion,
On Pleasure's tide
Our lives should glide
To Death's oblivious ocean.



THE TROUBADOUR.

A young and valiant Troubadour,
Unto his king and lady true,
With pensive bodings sought her bow'r,
And bade her thus his sad adieu—
"Our country's glory to uphold
Requires my sword on fields afar,
So hence thy form I ne'er may fold,
Nor wake for thee my sweet guitar.
But oh ! should Fate thy soldier spare,
This hand of thine his meed shall be,
And if he falls his dying prayer
Shall mingle with fond thoughts of thee."

Then with a kiss he seal'd his vow,
And ere he rode unto the war,
Suspended high on cypress bough
His dulcet-toned and dear guitar.
Like lightning fell his blade around,
Till foeman's spear assailed his breast,
When sinking with the woful wound,
He thus a warrior friend addressed—
"Bear my lone love this ring from me,
Oh, tell her of the fatal scar,
And bid her seek the cypress-tree
Where mournful hangs my mute guitar."



WHEN MORPHEUS NO LONGER BEGUILLES.

WHEN Morpheus no longer beguiles,
And Phœbus all blushing glows,
I see in his radiance the smiles
That suffuse the face of my Rose !

And when, in his noontide array,
He vestures the earth and the skies,
The features of nature display
The gladness that beams from her eyes !

And oft when his chariot has roll'd
Its wheels to the gates of the west,
Where curtains of ruby and gold
Invitingly lure him to rest,—

Oh ! then, with a power undefined,
Hope scatters my cares and my woes,
And here on this bosom entwined,
In fancy I clasp thee, my Rose !



MY SWEETHEART ANNA.

TELL me, shepherds, tell me pray,
Passed my Anna by this way ?
If ye saw her ye must know ;
Coral lips and neck of snow
Has my sweetheart Anna !

Eyes 'tween dark and azure blue,
Bound to capture and subdue ;
Cheeks where damask painting shows—
Sunset tints on Alpine snows
Has my sweetheart Anna !

Step ethereal, fleet and light,
Riv'ling that of fawn or sprite ;
Floating hair in goss'mer lines—
Fibres filch'd from Opher's mines
Has my sweetheart Anna !

Teeth rang'd like the pearly rings
Nature round the daisy strings ;
Breath as fragrant as the breeze
Wafted from Orient seas
Has my sweetheart Anna !

Voice as dulcet as the note
Warbled from a song-bird's throat ;
Laughter, like a torrent's spray,
Bubbling up in volumes gay,
Has my sweetheart Anna !

Temper, in its quietness, strong,
Causing not nor suffering wrong ;
Beauty, art, and wit combined ;
Loving heart and lofty mind
Has my sweetheart Anna !

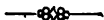
Then, O truly tell me, pray,
Passed my Anna by this way—
Let me not implore in vain,
Shepherds, has she crossed this plain—
Has my sweetheart Anna ?

—338—

THE MAIDEN OF MACROOM.

Oh ! bright as yon star that now twinkles o'erhead,
And pure as the pearl within its deep bed,
And sweet as the odour from Araby spread
When its gardens are all in full bloom !
Was the maiden I wooed in that dense-foliaged valley,
Where the Lee's laughing waters so gleefully rally,
Away—far away in Macroon !

But dark as the night with no moon on the sea,
 And impure as the air from a mine-shaft set free,
 And sour as the juice of that dread hemlock tree
 Socrates was bound to consume,
 Grew the maiden I loved when she fell in that valley
 Where the Lee's laughing waters so gleefully rally,
 Away—far away in Macroom !



LOVE IN AMBUSH.

WHILE round thy dimples fondly playing,
 And warb'ling in thy voice's tone,
 And coyly 'mong thy glances straying,
 Upon thy lips Love rears his throne !

Ah, well the roguish urchin knew it,
 For oft tho' he assail'd my heart,
 No passage could he find unto it
 Unless their breath propelled his dart !

And still, thy tortures unrepenting,
 This succour thou to him dost give :
 Oh, maiden cruel and unrelenting,
 One kiss but spare and let me live !



OH ! GO MY GALLANT LOVER.

Oh, go my gallant lover, go
 In quest of fame and glory ;
 But, near or far,
 Like polar star,
 I'll faithfully watch o'er thee !

Where Honour leads, *there* lies thy path,
 Tho' Death's fell shaft should gore thee ;
 But if thy gaze
 Meets Vict'ry's bays
 Oh, may I rise before thee !

Then, like the bird of which we've read
In Noah's deluge story,
With winged feet
Thy love to greet
Thou 'lt hasten from the foray !

And, then unto thy trophied home
How proudly thou 'lt implore me,—
Where, until Death
Stays life's last breath,
I'll, idol-like, adore thee !



OH ! DO NOT DEEM.

OH ! do not deem the maid untrue
Who lightly treads amongst the gay ;
Nor think, altho' she leaves thy view,
Her heart from thee is bound to stray.

With others she her smiles may share,
And sparkling glances on them cast ;
Yet still within her bosom fair,
Unchanged for thee her love may last.

So oft some radiant star is seen
Reflected in a limpid stream,
Till drifting cloudlets intervene
And for a while obscure its beam.

But when their shadows pass away,
Like spectres from the gaze of night,
Again with pure and tender ray
The star—unchanged, reflects its light.



EMMA DEAR.

To love, or youth, or beauty, Emma dear,
Men render now no duty, Emma dear,
And Hecates, wan and hoary,
Deckt out in Plutus' glory,
Reverse "the old, old story," Emma dear.

Thro' brush, and brake, and bramble, Emma dear,
From birth to grave all scramble, Emma dear,
And find on earth no pleasure
In women, wine, or leisure,
Like gath'ring golden treasure, Emma dear.

The priest his censer swinging, Emma dear,
The bard his lyric singing, Emma dear,
Strive with emulous ardour,
To gain beyond life's border
A rich and bright rewarder, Emma dear.

The statesman and the pleader, Emma dear,
The student and the leader, Emma dear,
Like those who seek for ever
To solve the stone or river,
With one intent endeavour, Emma dear.

But ah ! not such the feeling, Emma dear,
That prompts this fond appealing, Emma dear,
And with a surging motion,
Like tidal waves of ocean,
Bears thee a life's devotion, Emma dear.

Oh joy ! with eye as tender, Emma dear,
As polar-star's soft splendour, Emma dear,
Thy glances, ne'er misleading,
Need now no sibyl's reading
To say how fares my pleading, Emma dear.

FROM THY SWEET LIPS.

FROM thy sweet lips the floweret sips
The nectars o'er them straying,
And from thy cheeks it steals those streaks
It glories in displaying.

Coy Cupid hid thy charms amid,
Takes forth his loaded quiver ;
To floral hall, bazaar or ball,
Attendant on thee ever.

Alas, for me ! when wand'ring free
Among the mazy dances,
Against my heart he sped a dart
Wing'd with thy fatal glances.

Achilles bold, in days of old,
The fears of death derided,
Till foeman's steel assailed his heel,
When out life's torrent glided.

But 'neath nor aft Love aimed his shaft
My tranquil breast to harrow,
When from thine eyes of azure dyes
Sped his Parthian arrow.

May Jove forefend from me the end
Troy's gallant chief awaited,
Till, by thy charms, clasp'd in his arms
Thy lover's soul is sated !

PRAY, HAVE YOU SEEN MY LASS?

PRAY have you seen my lass
Across your pastures flee?
Her step's like light, her eyes are bright
As stars at night

On sea !

So graceful is her form,
In moulding and design,
No nymph or saint, in stone or paint,
Could give its faint

Outline !

But rarer beauty far
Within her soul's enshrined ;
Tho' unrevealed, it strikes Love's shield,
And makes me yield

Resigned !

Earth's kingly crowns are rich,
Its thrones are proud and grand,
But crown and throne, without a groan,
I'd give to own

Her hand !

For what are crowns at best
But ore of obscure birth,
Enriched with jewels by knaves and fools—
The meanest tools

On earth !

And what are kingly thrones
But Juggernauts cars,—
By hell designed to tax and grind,
Or crush mankind

By wars !

But she on Virtue's rock
Has reared her godly throne ;
And round her head, like sunshine shed,
Love's hand has spread

Her zone !

Then say—oh, shepherds say—
What fields ye saw her pass ?
Direct me right, ere shades of night
Obscure from sight

My Lass !



OH, FANCY NOT !

OH, fancy not the transient frown
That for awhile o'er spread my face,
Bespoke an anger, I disown,
Or bore of blame the faintest trace.

As well might she who, gazing, stands
Intent above yon fountain's brow,—
Whose crystal mirror shows the sands
Reflected from the depths below,—

Deem that, because its surface sheen
A weed intrusive ruffles o'er,
The waters hid beneath its screen
Flow not as genial as before !

Then judge not from the outer part,
Disturbed by ev'ry trifling thing ;
But seek—oh, seek ! within my heart
Love's ever pure and bubbling spring !



THE INN-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

From the Giant's pillar'd way
To the Cove's lovely bay—
From the Shannon's deep blue to the Liffey's bright water,
Throughout Erin around
There's not to be found
A more beautiful maid than the Inn-keeper's Daughter !

Unpretending her state,
Yet she weeps not that Fate
Round the home of her youth flung no trappings of splendour ;
Since, from ceiling to floor
It is redolent o'er
With the perfume that breathes from the truthful and tender !

When from chapel she goes,
Like a fresh-gathered rose,
Clad in vesture of green, and with blushes resplendent ;
From the towns and the plains,
The bucks and the swains,
Throng around her like slaves on a princess attendant !

With their feathers and swords,
And their music-toned words,
Come trooping young gallants who, with loud vaunting
ardour,
In their glitter and glare
Supplicate her to share,
And with riches and rank duly vow to reward her.

But they woo her in vain
Over hill-side or plain,
Or along the old path to the well in the clover,
For, with soul-sated eyes,
"No temptation," she cries,
"Can allure my fond heart from my own bardic lover !"

Where the tides gently flow,
And the fresh breezes blow
The bright crystallized sprays from the ocean's pure water,—
There—unknown and unsought—
In a flower-embower'd cot,
All my days shall be spent with that Inn-keeper's Daughter !

—838—

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

A SONG OF THE BRIGADE, A.D. 1692.

(From the Irish.)

OH, ye breakers that furrow, like ploughshares, the sea
Where the lad of my heart went a-roaming,
With the "Wild Geese,"* to Flanders, from Erin and me,
When the twilight of Autumn was gloaming.
Tho' they tell me it's a folly
Along thy shores to mourn,
Yet it soothes my melancholy—
This hope of his return !

Ever restless and thinking I wake all the night,
Or, in dozing, spring up from my pillows
When, in visions depicted, on pinions of white
Like a curlew his barque skims the billows.
But they tell me it's a folly
Along thy shores to mourn,
Yet it soothes my melancholy—
This hope of his return !

* The "Wild Geese" was the popular name for the recruits of the Irish Brigade.

Oh, ye hillocks where often together we stray'd,
When the last beam of day was expiring,
In your old sylvan-beauty I see ye array'd
While I waft on the winds my inquiring.
 Tho' they tell me it's a folly
 To winds or waves to mourn,
 Yet it soothes my melancholy—
 This hope of his return !

But oh, surely and shortly these tear-suffused eyes
That so long on the seas have been dwelling,
Shall for ever be frozen, and ne'er more my sighs
On the winds o'er the waves shall be swelling,
 Then—oh, then—beyond all folly
 Where mortals never mourn,
 Free from aught of melancholy
 I'll wait my love's return.

—❧—

COME AND REPOSE.

Come and repose, my own dear maid,
Here in this cool and fragrant shade
Where nought thy slumbers shall invade
 Save the streamlet that seems
 To the Bard's vivid dreams,
 As it saunters along to the sea,
 Like the cadence of rhyme
 Keeping measure and time
 To the chorus from hedgerow and tree !
Then oh, come love ! oh, come and in happiness rest
With thy limbs on the moss and thy brow on my breast !

Yon sun, now having gone his rounds,
Parts like a hunter from his hounds,
And, with red eyes, beholds the grounds

O'er which, like a king,
With a fetterless spring
 He encompassed the circle of day,
Overflooding the earth
 With light, warmth, and mirth,
Till, wearied like thee, love, he retires to his rest
On the lap of the wave, e'en as thou on my breast !

And oh, when slumber, sweet and deep,
Shall round thy senses softly creep,
May all thy dreams my image keep
 Immovable and still
 As by artistic skill
 Canvass and marble brings unto view
 Figures, on bended knee,
 Swearing as I to thee
 Henceforth and evermore to be true !
Till thy vision with joy becomes pall'd and opprest
And thou wakest to find thou art still on my breast !



FAREWELL, THE PARTING HOUR HAS COME !

FAREWELL, the parting has come
And Fortune sternly bids me roam,
From native land and boyhood's home,
 My fondest friends and thee !

Yet wilt thou, when I'm far away
Where polar stars shine with soft ray
Or tropic suns their wrath display,
 O wilt thou think of me ?

Yes, think how oft at twilight hour
When Phœbus sank unto his bower,
I've walked the fields and gardens o'er
 In love's delight with thee !

Or when the snow bestrew'd the earth
 Around thy parents' blazing hearth,
 In all the glow of youthful mirth
 I've sat and sang with thee !

And when the hollow hearted crew
 Whom once, 'neath Friendship's guise, I knew
 My faults distort in cruel review
 To turn thy heart from me.

O wilt thou then with Nature's art,
 Moved by the promptings of thy heart,
 Defend and plead thy lover's part
 Tho' absent far from thee ?

Yes, when, with wearied feet and sore,
 I tread some wild and trackless shore
 Unfamed in geographic lore,
 O thou wilt think of me !

And often, with thy hov'ring thought,
 Dreams we in Fancy's loom once wrought
 Shall him again restore who sought
 And still seeks only thee !



MY IRISH GIRL.

WHEN daisies no longer in clusters are found
 With golden-pinned snow-flakes adorning the meadow,
 Or nestling where cowslips profusely abound
 Like Modesty happy to dwell in the shadow,
 Oh *then* my sweet girl
 May deem me a churl,
 Unworthy a smile or a tear,
 But, believe me, till then
 She shall find among men
 No other to love her more dear,
 More dear,
 No other to love her more dear !

When lowlands and valleys no longer are clad
In vestures of regal and emerald gleaming
That show through their foldings how brilliant yet sad
The waters of crystal are playfully streaming,
Oh then my sweet girl
May deem me a churl
Unworthy a smile or a tear,
But, believe me, till then
She shall find among men
No other to love her more dear,
More dear,
No other to love her more dear !

When furze, that in glorious and golden crowns cling
Around the steep summit of Glencullen's* mountains
Shall fade like those circles our fairy-folk ring
While Luna her beauty surveys in the fountains,

* Glencullen—or, as it is sometimes written, Glancullen, is a wild and romantic valley situate on the south-eastern boundary line that divides the counties of Dublin and Wicklow. There being no direct public conveyance in the shape of rail, tram, or car, the district, though abounding in beautiful and diversified scenery, is but little known to the ordinary tourist or even to the citizens of Dublin. The most easy, though not, perhaps, the shortest way to it is through the famous little village of Stepside, which is cosily nestled at the foot of the "Three-rock" mountain, and on the high road that, passing through the "Scalp," leads into Enniskerry. Starting from the railway station, close by the Stillorgan reservoir, the road winds circuitously by Leopardstown Park, Burton Hall, and Glencairn, the country seats of Messrs. James Talbot Power, D.L., Henry Guinness, J.P., and the newly created judge—Mr. Justice Murphy. The pedestrian, however, if so disposed, can take an angular "short cut" by following a field-path that has been recently improvised and furnished with convenient stiles and stepping stones.

On the right hand of the roadway, and close by the village, stands, in the grounds of Captain E. J. Bayly, J.P., the ivy-mantled and tradition haunted ruins of Kilgobbin Castle. Stepside—for the most part consisting of whitened one-storey cottages, occupied by

Oh, then my sweet girl
 May deem me a churl,
 Unworthy a smile or a tear,
 But, believe me, till then

agricultural and quarry labourers—is situated at the intersection of four cross-roads. It is very pretty and rural, and breaks charmingly on the view, especially when regarded from the upper or Ballyedmunduff road. In addition to a Dispensary and Constabulary Barrack, it can boast of three excellent hosteleries, the most frequented of which is that known as “Smyth’s” where, like “Peg of Lima-vaddy,”

“With a glance benign
 Greeting each new comer,
 Lovely, smiling Jane
 Offers us a rummer !”

In the immediate neighbourhood the antiquarian will find many interesting memorials of the past, including the ancient ecclesiastical ruins and burial places of Kilgobbin and Kiltiernan—close by the latter stands “Kiltiernan Abbey,” the fine residence of the famous Dublin money-lender—Mr. Thomas Joyce, which was formerly occupied by “Johnny Adair,” of sporting memory, whose rock—whereon he is said to have turned his horse while following the hunt—is still pointed out in its eyry-like position on the Western summit of the precipitous “Scalp.” From Golden Ball, a hamlet containing a Post Office, and half a dozen small cottages, the road leading to Glencullen takes an abrupt turn by the old church of Kiltiernan, and brings the tourist within a few minutes’ walk of a very good example of the Irish Cromlech or “Druid’s altar.” From about this spot can be obtained an admirable view of the “Three-Rock” Mountain, which, rising to a height of 1,479 feet above the level of the sea, is crowned with vast boulders of granite—one of which is commonly called the “Druid’s rocking stone,” under which culprits are said to have been placed, while it was made to vibrate over their heads, and threaten death at every instant. Within easy walking distance from Glencullen, and on the side of a neighbouring mountain, is still pointed out, by the peasantry, the spot where the princely hostage perished in the snow after effecting his escape from a chamber in the “Birmingham Tower” of Dublin Castle.

The residence of the lords of the Manor—The Fitz-Simon Family—which is picturesquely situated on the Northern side of the Glencullen river, has been honoured, from time to time, by the presence of many distinguished people, including the celebrated and witty

She shall find among men
No other to love her more dear,
More dear,
No other to love her more dear !

Irish Friar, Father Arthur O'Leary, who there wrote some of his ablest pamphlets, and the yet more celebrated Daniel O'Connell, whose daughter became the wife of his host, and for whose soul an "In Memoriam" Mass is, to this day, annually celebrated in "the decent church that tops the neighbouring hill." In more recent times the surprise and capture of Glencullen Barracks, which immediately followed after the surrender of the Stepside garrison, formed one of the most notable events in connection with the abortive "Fenian" rising in the spring of 1867.





Humorous and Impromptu Pieces.*



THE BOWL.

"Good wine's a good thing," writes a scripture pen,
"For it alike enlivens God and men,"
And, it is said, our ancient Oisín drew
Sweet inspiration from the "mountain dew!"
Could you around Anacreon's brow entwine
A wreath unmixed with leaflets of the vine?
Or could you listen to the songs of Moore,
And feel no longing for "a drop of pure?"
Where is the man who at his fireside turns
The tuneful pages of the gifted Burns,
Whose eyes do not to tearfulness incline
At each familiar stave of "Auld Lang Syne?"
And who amongst us would not sing till dawn,
And with each chorus drink "A Cruiskeen Lawn?"

* Several of these pieces originally appeared in the pages of *Blarney*, an Irish serio-comic journal, published at Dublin in 1870. Its illustrations, which elicited high praise, even from the critic of the artistic *Graphic*, were altogether from the pencil of Michael FitzGerald, a native artist, now resident in London, where his works, many of which have been exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy, have won for him a high place in the world of art. The literary matter, a melange of grave and gay, was well written, and much of it was from the fertile brain and ready pen of Edward O'Donovan, son of the great Celtic scholar, but, perhaps, better known as "O'Donovan of Merv," whose tragic death forms one of the most lamentable incidents in the history of the Soudan campaign.

In Lethe's stream to drown man's mundane woes,
 Propitiously the "cup of kindness" flows;
 And poets tell us "Ev'ry drop we sprinkle
 On the brow of care smoothes away a wrinkle!"
 And so, when Sheridan, from the banks of Thames,
 Saw "Drury" perish 'mid devouring flames,
 He coolly turned into a neighbouring inn,
 And mixed himself a tumbler of old gin.
 A passing friend beheld him with surprise,
 And cried—"Oh, sir! behold the crimsoned skies,
 And all the glowing domes and spires around—
 Your theatre, sir, is burning to the ground!"
 Quite unconcerned Dick raised the sparkling draught
 Unto his lips, and answered, as he laughed,—
 "Tho' it is all that, in this world, I own,
 From roof to basement it may topple down;
 But I'll sit here, nor will I be denied
 To take 'a tumbler' at my own fireside!"
 Mysterious Mangan * found the faults and merits
 Of foreign elf-lore in our *native spirits*,

* It is a rather singular coincidence that Moore and Mangan were both the children of parents engaged in the grocery trade; and that Furlong, the author of the *Doom of Derenzi*, and the translator of *Carolán's Remains*, was originally a grocer's boy in one of the back streets of Dublin. The former was born and reared in the house No. 12 Aungier Street, wherein his father, John Moore, resided until, through the influence of Lord Moira, he obtained the position of barrack master at Island Bridge, and there, during the stormy period of his college life, he was often visited by the gifted and patriotic but unfortunate enthusiast, Robert Emmet. Like that of Hans Sachs, "the Cobbler Poet"—

"The house is still an ale-house with a nicely sanded floor
 And a garland in the window, and his face above the door!"

Mangan was born in the house No. 3 Fishamble Street, in which the old trade is still carried on by Mr. Joseph M'Nally, who is, I believe, the representative of his mother's family, and a cousin of the poet. The celebrated hostelry, known to the older generation as "The Bleeding Horse," and recently described by the City Recorder as "The Fortress," situate in Upper Camden Street, shares, to an

While gentle Griffin on the "choice of friends,"
 "The moderate drinker" to our love commends,*
 And tho', alas! with cause, some may complain
 Of woes attendant on the Bacchante train,
 Yet we cannot, on Irish soil, forget
 Those jovial "Monks," † who, when in commune met

almost equal extent, with the taverns at 37 Wicklow Street and 26 Wexford Street—now respectively occupied by Mr. Thomas Delany and Mr. William Hall—the honour of being one of the favourite resorts of the brilliant but unfortunate poet, who, like his American counterpart—poor Edgar Allan Poe—perished in the very meridian of his life and genius in a charity hospital, and now lies, under an unpretending stone, in the great Irish necropolis at Glasnevin, almost "unknown, unhonoured, and unsung!"

* Science has established a definition of temperance, and has fixed an exact limit in drinking alcoholic liquors, the passing of which places the drinkers in great peril. An ounce and a half of alcohol, according to Drs. Austin and Dupre, is the limit of the food use of that substance. To that extent there does not follow a particle of injury to any organ or to the blood. Alcohol, therefore, is, according to these authorities, not only a stimulant but a food if taken in moderate quantities.

† "The Monks of the Screw"—a convivial, literary, and political assembly, whose meetings were held every Saturday in Term, at a house which still exists in Kevin Street. The refectory was furnished in true mediæval and monastic style; and the rules (drawn out by the famous Barry Yelverton) were in quaint comic Latin verse, and in strict accordance with the prescribed canonical and conventual forms. The most eminent Irishmen of the age—Grattan, Curran, Flood, Charlemont, Bowes Daly, Yelverton, and many other kindred spirits, were members of this distinguished brotherhood, over which John Philpot Curran presided as Prior, in which capacity he supplied the well-known charter-song, which opens thus :—

"When St. Patrick our order established,
 And called us the 'Monks of the Screw,'
 Good rules he revealed to our Abbot,
 To guide us in what we should do.

"But first he replenished his fountain,
 With liquor the best in the sky,
 And swore on the word of his saintship,
 That fountain should never run dry!"

Beneath the ægis of their patriot prior,
Pour'd breathings forth that never shall expire !
Those "o'er-proof spirits" of a bonded past,
A halo-light around the bowl have cast ;
And to its foaming tide, of malt or wine,
Infused a soul ambrosial and divine ;
Hence, howsoe'er to temperance inclined,
To truths like this my muse cannot be blind—
The brain's machinery will clog and spoil,
Unless, betimes, it is supplied with oil ;
And man, in his humanity, being made of clay,
Needs, as the earth, to save him from decay,
A genial moisture, that like grateful showers,
Brings from the soul-soil crops of fruits and flowers !*



THE GREAT SIN.

No sin unto men's eyes appears to be
So heinous in its great enormity,
Or unforgivable as Poverty !



CREDIT.

LIKE to the silly lad who vainly tries
His kite to mount without a tail or string,
Is he who in the ranks of life would rise
On Credit's frail and unsustaining wing !

* Gluck, the Michael Angelo of musical art, was once asked what he liked best in the world. "Three things," was his answer; "money, wine, and fame." "What?" his friend protested, "you place fame *after* wine and money? You don't mean it, surely?" "Yes, but I do," replied Gluck, "with money I purchase wine, wine excites my dormant genius, and my genius procures me fame: so you see I spoke quite true."

W O M A N.

As a hearth without a fire upon a wintry night,
 As a sky without a sun to scatter heat and light ;
 A holly without berries—a rose devoid of scent—
 Is the desert-heart of man without a woman's tent !



I M P R O M P T U.

On reading the Inscription on the "Gray Monument" in Sackville Street. From the studio of Thomas Farrell, R.H.A. Erected by public subscription, and unveiled by the late Archbishop of Tuam—the "Lion of the Fold of Judah"—on the 24th of June, 1879.

THE stranger wand'ring up and down
 The finest street in Dublin town,
 Must often in its centre see
 A monumental effigy
 That, in almost life-like way,
 Reflects the form and face of "Gray."

But on its pedestal he eyes
 A strange inscription scored, that tries
 With Vartry volumes to wash out
 All else he sought or brought about—
 Boons that his friends and foes to-day
 Alike admit we owe to Gray.

I know not which, to weep or laugh,
 At such an ill-phrased epitaph
 That 'neath Oblivion's gulping tide
 "The Church," "The Land," "Repeal," would
 hide—
 All that, in fine, till Doom's last day
 Shall conservate the fame of Gray.



AN APT QUOTATION.

"WHAT apt quotation can be got
For Sir John's tomb from Walter Scott?"
"No fitter one than this, my friend,
The Scottish minstrel ever penn'd—
'Woe worth the hour, woe worth the day,
That cost thy life my gallant Gray!'"



CONUNDRUM.

"WHAT street is like a stable?"
"Why, Sackville Street, of course,
Since five Mayors* (mares) strong and able
Are tethered there in force."



ON WITNESSING A PERFORMANCE OF WAGNER'S OPERA, "NIBELUNGEN'S RING."

WHEN in the harsh, discordant crash
And din of battle's roar,
Or in the vast bellowing blast
That sweeps the wreck-strewn shore,
Mankind shall swear a music rare,
Sublimely sweet and grand,
Vibrates around—*then* I'll be found
In Wagner's "Ring" to stand.

* Alderman John Campbell (1868 and 1871), Peter P. M'Swiney (1864 and 1875), Sir James W. Mackey (1866 and 1873), Councillors Maurice Brooks (1874), and Edmund Dwyer Gray (1880), all Ex-Lord Mayors residing within the confines of Sackville Street.

ON KISSING.

WHEN I give my Anna kisses,
Why so softly close her eyes?
Because *felt*, but *unseen* blisses
Are the sweetest women prize.



EPITAPHS.

No epitaphs are better understood
Than those by tyrants traced in Martyrs' blood !



PICTURES.

AMONG the wond'rous works of mimic Art,
Whose potent power seems fated to endure,
What can like pictures captivate the heart
And fill the mind with fancies grand and pure?
A home denuded of those lovely things,
Is like the centre of an unpierced tomb,
Where neither sun, or moon, or star e'er flings
A ray to gild the cold, monot'nous gloom !



DISCORDANT HARMONY.

It was surely of Wagner and those of his school
The poet was dreaming in prophetic mood,
When he uttered that strange, paradoxical rule—
"All discord is harmony not understood !"



IMPROMPTU.

On Presenting a Pair of Scissors to a Lady.

'Tis said a scissors or a knife,
Or saw, or shears, or cleaver,
Are harbingers of endless strife
'Twixt giver and receiver.

But sayings like this I little heed,
And just to prove their folly,
A pair of scissors made by Read*
I gave my sweetheart Polly.

Yet, 'stead of sund'ring hearts in twain,
Altho' she used them daily,
Full soon upon her bridal train
I saw her ply them gaily !



ODD OCCUPATIONS.

I.

(Written during the Beaconsfield Administration).

HERE Nelson stands, anear our Irish coast,
Perched on a pillar, watching o'er the post,
Odd occupation for the hero-tar
Of Copenhagen and of Trafalgar,
Yet not more odd than Book-Stall Smith to see
Great Britain's First Lord of Admiralty !

* A celebrated Dublin cutler whose establishment still exists in Parliament Street.

II.

(Written on New Year's Day, 1884).

Tho' Dawson now in Dawson Street
 No more as Lord controls,
 Yet in *St. Stephen's* him we'll greet
*As Master of the Rolls ! **



A LOVE UNCHANGEABLE

In all else changing, is it not most strange,
 Man never changes in his love of change ?



A BORROWER'S BANK.

"The Cork Hill Bank," I heard a passer say,
 "Will stand alone when Dame Street runs that way."
 "Then," cried his friend, "tho' not a cent I own,
 I'll custom give the Bank *that stands a loan !*"



"THE REASON WHY."

ENQUIRINGLY one night
 She asked—did pretty Joan—
 "Why women, fair and bright,
 Should by such name be known ?"
 He answered—"It is plain,
 Since Eve brought men a store
 Of wo, ye must remain
Wo-men for evermore !"

* The official residence of the Lord Mayors of Dublin is in Dawson Street, and the Chief Bakery of the talented member for Carlow County, who occupied the Civic Chair for two years in succession in *St. Stephen's Street*.

THE POET'S LIFE.

THE genius-dowered, true poet,
In the fields—the streets—at home—
Where'er he goes will show it
That his life's a living poem!

—♦—

A NOT(E)ABLE REASON.

SAID Mac to Pat the other night,
When passing by that caricature
Which folks of far-fetched fancy might
Persuade themselves resembles Moore :

"I wonder why on such a spot—
Where right in front a bank ascends—
Our genial Bard is made to tot
Apparently his dividends!"

"Dismiss your wonder," Pat replied—
"Well chosen is the situation—
Since it's a fact none e'er denied,
His notes have largest circulation !"

—♦—

THE AUCTION MART.

HERE studious eyes have ample scope to scan
That strangest of all paradoxes—man.
See, yonder o'er a piece of china old,
A group of connoisseurs a conclave hold,
While nearer hand two sons of Israel's race
Poke their hooked beaks among a pile of lace ;
And nearer still, with careless 'seeming looks,
A Biblioplist pores thro' ranks of books.

That silent pair who in the centre stand
With pencils and with catalogues in hand,
And look so learned, spectacled, and smart,
Are well-known dealers in pictorial art!
While those rag-tag-and-bob-tail folks who lurk
Amid chaotic heaps of cabinet work
Are canny brokers who have come to puff
Their own thick-varnished and well-doctored stuff!
At length from luncheon, wiping lips and chin,
Sir Cheap-John comes with his professional grin,
And, slipping to the rostrum, coughs and blows
The note preliminary from his trumpet nose;
Then gazing round with eyes that from their lids
Suggestively project as if for "bids,"
He, like a schoolboy, reading tasks by rote,
Drawls out the "terms" in one monotonous note.
"The first lot's up!" the noisy porter cries.
"Five,—ten,—fifteen," the auctioneer replies.
"There's no reserve here—gentlemen, go on—
Twenty is bid—if no advance—'tis gone!"
And gone it is that piece of crested plate,
The last wee remnant of a vast estate
Frittered away in indolence and ease
By prodigal young heirs of absentees—
Aye—gone, perhaps a gambling debt to pay,
Contracted 'neath the cup's delusive sway,
Or yet, perchance, more likely to renew
For one short month a usurer's *billet-doux*!
"Another lot!"—a famous lawyer's wig—
The final climax of forensic rig—
From 'neath its hirsute dome what powers of fence
Rolled forth in thund'ring peals of eloquence—
'Mid lightning flashes of soul-kindling wit,
That dazed or scorched where e'er they passed or lit!
'Mong briefs and papers, with red ribbon bound,
Death at his desk the busy lawyer found.
How vain—how worse than vain—oh, *then*! were all
The *Nisi Prius* pleadings of the Hall!

Prayers, points, and motions met but one retort—
“Your case waits judgment in the Supreme Court!”*
“Another lot!” a watch, a chain, and ring—
Some once-gay bridegroom’s wedding offering!
Where now is he who, with those trinkets fair,
Revealed a love his tongue could not declare?
And where is she, that young and beauteous bride,
Who prized those gifts with love’s unfathomed pride?
“Gone!” like a knell that sound falls on my ear;
“Gone!” and their very names are unknown here.
And so, lot after lot, the sale goes on,
And ends, like life, with an eternal “Gone!”

—68—

IMPROMPTU.

On being asked by a lady “What I first thought of her?”

WHEN first your figure met my view,
I felt at once inclined,
To think that I had found in you
A woman well designed
To soar above the frivolous crew
A queen in mien and mind.

* These lines were penned many weeks before the following *apropos* paragraph appeared in the columns of a Dublin Evening Paper:—“Hamlet visited a churchyard, and speculated on the base uses to which a dead lawyer may be put. A visitor to the salerooms of a certain auctioneer, not far from O’Connell Bridge, on Saturday last would have had an opportunity of learning the value of a dead lawyer’s belongings. What was described as the wig of a late eminent Queen’s Counsel, whose presence graced the Bar for nearly half a century, was put up for sale, and knocked down to the ‘highest bidder’ at—ninpence! The wig was enclosed in a case, on which was painted the late owner’s name, ‘F. Macdonogh,’ with the letters ‘Q.C.’ after it, which an irreverent non-bidder interpreted ‘Quite cheap,’ adding, however, that he thought ‘the case was the best of the bargain.’”

I saw you dance, I heard your song,
Vibrating from heart-strings,
Sound thro' that proud and glitt'ring throng
Of plumed and painted things,
Like aerial warblings borne along
By flutt'ring angel wings.

And tho' I knew that Mother Earth,
With conscious pride, might claim
The honours brought her by your birth,
And glory in your fame,
Yet I believed your mental girth
Was fused by heavenly flame.

Such was the picture—pure and high—
A star in heaven set—
You formed unto my poet-eye
The first time that we met ;
And tho' since then years have flown by,
To me you're unchanged yet !



A CORPORATE "CURE!"

" WHY you, who always stickle
For Faith and Fatherland,
Returned Tory-Tickell,
I cannot understand."
" Well, sir," replied a fellow,
With broad and merry grin,
" The reason why, I'll tell you,
We've let him now slide in—
Because in all creation
No *body*, I am sure,
Than Dublin's Corporation
More sadly needs ' a cure !' "

ALBION'S FIAT !

O'er Albion's fact'ries, docks, and mines,
 Our exiled brethren spy—
 E'en o'er her workhouse doors, these lines—
 "No Irish need apply!"
 The gangways to the "transport" throw,
 The scaffold or the cell,
 Have, with her barrack gates alone,
 'Scaped this fiat of hell!



IMPROMPTU.

Suggested by the result of the trials of Rice and Brown v. The
 Alliance Gas Company, in which the latter was defeated.

When twelve men solve in jury-box
 How gas-light mains are bursted,
 Their verdict proves this paradox—
 That *Cotton's* always worsted!*



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Why Little's palace-bar should be
 Styled "Winter Garden" puzzles me;
 Parcelled in flowery plots, 'tis true,
 St. Stephen's Park lies full in view,
 Yet, in the neighbourhood around,
 No winter garden can be found,
 But let that pass 'tis all the same—
 As Shakespeare asks—"What's in a name?"
Little at best, yet, if you swill
 A goblet filled by *little Phil*,
 Before you *filter* it you'll find
 Your tongue *phillipically* inclined,
 And ready to admit, I'm sure,
 There's something in *Phil Little's* pure!

* *Cotton* is the name of the efficient manager of the Dublin Gas Company.

HE WOULD BE A BARONET!

An incident of the Royal Visit to Dublin, August, 1878.

THE story goes, and 'tis, perhaps, as true
As any told in gossiping 'Review,'
That, when Wales' Prince embarked his yacht aboard,
Knighthood he offered to a civic lord,
Who—wiser in his generation than his sort—
Declined to be a camel (Campbell) led to court
With such an empty title; "But," said he,
"As I have got a youthful progeny,
As numerous as my Highland namesake's clan,
To bear my honours to time's utmost span,
I'll humbly thank your Highness ere you go,
A baronetcy upon me to bestow!"
"Ha!" laughed the prince, as from his pocket-book,
A mild Havannah carelessly he took,
And handed it to Lorne, who smiling stood
Enjoying a scene so comically good—
"How damnably ambitious is this man
Whose height and girth a baby's hand might span,
And paradoxical beyond degree
Is this *wee* owner of a 'grocery.'
Who thus contemptuously declines to wear
A title men of parts were proud to bear,
But, *barren* as he deems the honour, yet,
Mark you—a *baronetcy* he fain would get.
Methinks we'll leave him still, a while at least,
Amongst those burghers he declined to feast,
And not withdraw him from his 'wines' and 'tea,'
Or raise him to a rank beyond 'J.P.'"
Then turning to the expectant mayor, who bowed
Obsequiously before the grinning crowd,
The prince said—with a merry twinkling eye—
"I'll represent your wishes, sir—good-bye!"

THE END.

BUTLER'S MEDICAL HALL,

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1817.

d, 53 & 54 LOWER SACKVILLE STREET,
DUBLIN.

HENRY FOREWELL, L.P.S.I., A.P.S.G.B., &c.,
MANAGER.

Nothing but Pure and Genuine Drugs and Chemicals are employed in the Compounding Department of this Old Established Business, and, as *no apprentices are taken*, the staff is, therefore, efficient and competent to dispense prescriptions.

HOMŒOPATHIC AND PATENT MEDICINES,

Perfumery and Pomades,

AERATED & NATURAL MINERAL WATERS

OF EVERY KIND,

TOILET REQUISITES IN VARIETY

FROM ALL THE LEADING MAKERS.

Parcels delivered *free of charge* all over the city, and along the lines of railway as far as Bray.

Orders by post faithfully attended to.

RYHMED THOUGHTS IN WELL-KNOWN VAULTS.

Wines icy, cooling, and mid winter's rime
 The glow imparting of a southern clime,
 If such ye seek in preference to our malts
 Adjourn with me unto Findlater's vaults,
 And, ent'ring thro' the dim, Dutch-pictured gloom,
 Like twilight laden with a sweet perfume,
 An eager longing overcomes your soul
 To raise unto your lips a sparkling bowl,
 And, having touched it—O what bliss divine
 Lurks in that spirit of the generous wine !
 At once you find a dulcet, dreamy feel,
 But yet enlivening, o'er your senses steal,
 Till, anxiously you long at home to sit
 When blinds are drawn and gasaliers are lit,
 And hence, when ever more a friend "drops in,"
 A bottle less will count Findlater's bin !

FINDLATER'S PURE INDIAN TEAS.

A glance at the following figures for the past ten years will show that China Teas continue to give way to Indian. The falling off in the delivery of the former, and the increase in the latter, have been more marked in the past year than in any previous one, and it seems only a question of time ere Indian will take the precedence :—

HOME CONSUMPTION OF INDIAN AND CHINA.

	Indian.	China.	Total.	Percentage of Indian.
1883	59,097,000	114,953,000	174,050,000	34
1882	50,497,000	115,569,000	166,066,000	30½
1881	48,838,000	112,156,000	160,992,000	30½
1880	43,807,000	111,307,000	155,114,000	28½
1879	35,243,000	125,576,000	160,819,000	22
1878	36,776,000	120,192,000	156,968,000	23½
1877	28,013,000	123,012,000	151,025,000	18½
1876	26,735,000	126,004,000	152,739,000	17½
1875	23,275,000	126,508,000	149,783,000	15½
1874	17,756,000	121,622,000	139,378,000	12½

We send 6 lbs. of our Pure Indian Teas, per Parcel Post, Carriage Free, to any part of the United Kingdom.

Prices 2s., 2s. 4d., 2s. 8d., 3s., 3s. 4d.

ALEX. FINDLATER & CO.,

30 UPPER SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

SHANKS BROS.,

1 FOSTER PLACE,

DUBLIN,

AND

QUEEN'S BUILDINGS,

ROYAL AVENUE, BELFAST.

SHANKS BROS.,

Auditors and Accountants,

1 FOSTER PLACE,

COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

AUDITORS

AND

ACCOUNTANTS.

 TELEPHONE NO. 199.

**BUTTERWORTH, MCARTHUR, NAISH,
AND COMPANY,
15 MERCHANT'S QUAY, DUBLIN,
(Opposite the Four Courts),
*Iron, Steel, and Tin Plate Merchants.***

A large and well-assorted Stock always on hands of Bar Iron, Corrugated Sheets, Spouting, Manure Forks, Chains of all kinds. Galvanized Buckets, Blister Steel, Spring Steel, Cast Steel, National Horse Nails, Cut Nails, Wire Nails, Steel Nails, Anvils and Vices, Farriers' Knives and Rasps, Smith's Coal, Pots, Pans, and all kinds of Castings, Derwent Landore Tin Plates, &c., &c.

We are Sole Agents in Dublin for
Messrs. Edwin Richards & Son, Wednesbury,
Manufacturers of all kinds of Springs and Axles.

We are also Agents for
THE DERWENT LANDORE TIN-PLATE CO., SWANSEA.

A TIME-LY TRIBUTE.

Like well-made watches Erin's sons should be
In all their *movements* and their *actions* free,
But yet unerring, as the *dial plate*
Indexing time while slow the hands rotate,
Should they in fond and firm *attachment* prove,
Nor seek *escapement* from her rule of love!

By Irish *levers capped*, and jewelled, and *set*
High on her throne with harp and coronet,
Surrounded by her peers' and commons' powers,
With trade and commerce offering her their dowers,
Thus should we place her, and, in day or dark,
Use no *repeaters* without Chancellor's mark!*

* Messrs. Chancellor and Son, an old and well-known firm of Dublin, Watch makers, whose establishment, for upwards of eighty years, stands at the western side of Lower Sackville Street and immediately opposite the O'Connell monument.

CHANCELLOR & SON'S

Celebrated Watches,

Manufactured and Sold in Dublin for upwards of Seventy-five years.

- | | | |
|---------|---|---|
| £2 0 0 | { | Silver case, horizontal escapement, well finished, strong and serviceable, specially adapted for boys at school. |
| £3 0 0 | { | Extra jewelled, with silver hunting cases, an excellent timekeeper, engaged for five years. |
| £4 0 0 | { | Silver case, fitted with lever escapement, a most reliable and serviceable watch, engaged for seven years. |
| £5 0 0 | { | Silver case, our own make, patent lever, escapement, capped and jewelled, fitted with all recent improvements, engaged for ten years. |
| £5 0 0 | { | Gold case, handsomely engraved, or engine-turned, well finished, horizontal escapement, jewelled in the principal actions, engaged for five years. |
| £7 0 0 | { | Gold hunting case, suitable for monogram, or richly engraved, well finished, extra jewelled movements, engaged for five years. |
| £9 0 0 | { | Gold case, richly engraved, or plain for monogram, movement fitted with patent lever escapement, a most reliable and serviceable watch, engaged for seven years. |
| £10 0 0 | { | Gold case, plain engine turned or engraved, our own make, patent lever escapement, capped jewelled, and fitted with all recent improvements, engaged for ten years. |

CHANCELLOR & SON

(Obtained Prize Medal,)

55 LOWER SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

DRESS.

In ev'ry age and ev'ry clime we guess
A man's position from his style of dress,
And now, so fond of dressing have we grown,
We dress the oddest things that e'er were known,
Our graves and altars we dress out with care,
Our beds, our gardens, and our wives I'd swear !

Poles on May-days, and trees at Christmas times,
Doctors dress wounds while Poets dress their rhymes,
Masons dress stones, and farmers understand
What rich rewards accrue from dressing land,
And knows not ev'ry schoolboy that at best
The butterfly is but a worm drest !

'Tis dress alone enables us to see
The soldier's or civilian's true degree,
A king unrobed might saunter thro' the town
And be mistaken for a vulgar clown,
But dress, beyond gainsay, gives us the cue
And, at a glance, discloses—" Who is who ?"

Nature with verdure 's clad, and all the things
That 'mongst us dwell have got their coverings
Save man alone, who, without fur or feather,
Comes on life's stage to combat with the weather
As, when created and absolved from shame,
Lord of this Earth, to Eden's bowers came !

But man—or rather woman—for I grieve
Deeply to own it, was frail mother Eve,
(At least we 're told so both in kirk and chapel)
Who, by partaking of that tempting apple,
Brought to her sons, among a train of woes,
Sin, Death, and Shame, and shame brought on the clothes,
And they, in turn, brought clothiers who, like Hyam,
Are famed from Stoneybatter unto Siam.

A GREAT WANT

Now supplied at

B. HYAM'S Establishments,

29 & 30 DAME STREET, DUBLIN,

AND

42 to 46 HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

B. HYAM

HAS SUCCEEDED IN OBTAINING FOR

BOYS' AND YOUTHS'

SCHOOL SUITS

Very sightly materials, which are as nearly as possible

INDESTRUCTIBLE.

And he invites the public to call and inspect the Suits which he has produced from these materials in the various styles and shapes worn by young gentlemen from the ages of 8 years to 16 years.

Napier Suits, from	-	-	6s. 9d. to 25s. Od.
Oxford Suits, from	-	-	8s. 9d. to 35s. Od.
Oxford Jackets, from	-	-	4s. 6d. to 15s. Od.
Trousers, from	-	-	2s. 9d. to 15s. Od.
Overcoats, from	-	-	5s. Od. to 35s. Od.

Strong Tweed School Caps, from 3d.

CHILDREN'S SUITS & OVERCOATS

For all ages, from 3 years upwards, in great variety of shapes and materials, and in almost every quality from the cheapest to the best.

Children's Suits, from - - 2s. 11d.

Children's Overcoats, from - 4s. Od.

Only materials which are known to be capable of resisting the hard wear of boys are used, and as the workmanship is SOUND and DURABLE, B. HYAM has every confidence in recommending his BOYS' CLOTHING to his customers and to the public as

THE BEST IN THE TRADE.

B. HYAM,

Tailor, Clothier, Hatter, Hosier, and Outfitter,

29 & 30 DAME STREET, DUBLIN,

42 to 46 HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

JAMES WILLIAM MACKEY,
Seed Merchant and Nurseryman.
 FEEDING STUFFS, MANURE,
 AND IMPLEMENT WAREHOUSE, &c., &c.,
 23, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET,
 DUBLIN.

SEEDS for the Farm, specially selected.

SEEDS for the Kitchen Garden.

SEEDS for the Flower Garden.

DUTCH FLOWER ROOTS for the House, Conservatory, and Open Ground.

NURSERY DEPARTMENT.—FOREST TREES, QUICKS, ORNAMENTAL FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS, FRUIT TREES, ROSES, BEDDING PLANTS, STOVE AND GREENHOUSE PLANTS, HERBACEOUS AND ALPINE PLANTS, &c., &c.

All of the very best description, and true to name.

FEEDING STUFFS.—LINSEED CAKE (the very finest brand) of America and English Manufacture, Cotton Cake, Decorticated and Undecorticated Rape Cake, Palm-nut Cake. ALL CAKES CAN BE HAD IN MEALS. Indian Corn. Linseed, Canadian Peas, Horse Beans, Hemp, Rape, and Canary Seeds.

MANURES.—(ODAMS' CHEMICAL MANURE COMPANY, LIMITED.)

ODAMS' Patent Blood Manure for Wheat, Barley, Oats, Beans, Peas, and Potatoes, Turnips, Mangolds, Kohl-rabi, Cabbage, &c.


ODAMS' Special Dissolved Bones—a valuable ammoniacal and carbonaceous Manure.

ODAMS' Bone Manure—a valuable fertilizer, highly recommended for general use.

ODAMS' Turnip Manure—a cheap and excellent Manure for the Turnip crop.

ODAMS' Superphosphate—an excellent and economical fertilizer.

IMPLEMENTS.—All and every description for the Farm, Garden, and Forest, Draining, Hedging, Ditching, &c., &c.

 Ask for Lists, Prices, Particulars, &c., to be had FREE BY POST on application.

"BOW STREET, DISTILLERY,
"DUBLIN.

"We Certify to have sold J. G. Mooney, Forty-Five
Thousand Three Hundred and Thirty-Six Gallons of
Whiskey distilled by us.

"JOHN JAMESON & SON."

ANALYSIS OF THE ABOVE.

"15 Pembroke Road,

"28th December, 1874.

"I have submitted to Analysis a sample of Malt Whiskey from the
Establishment of

J. G. MOONEY,
OF

1 LOWER ABBEY STREET.

I find it to be remarkably fine, containing not the slightest trace of
fusil oil, and possessing all the qualities which are associated with
very old and very good Whiskey.

"C. A. CAMERON, City Analyst."

BRANCH ESTABLISHMENT—

74 GREAT BRITAIN STREET.

WHOLESALE WINE VAULTS—

13 SACKVILLE PLACE,
DUBLIN.

A RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF WHAT WE'VE DONE AND WHAT WE YET CAN DO!

Some know but little of this land of ours,
Save that 'tis famous for its pillar towers,
It's pond'rous Cromlechs and entrenched raths,
Sepulchral mounds with subterranean paths,
And Ogham-written stones and Druid's chairs,
And shrines whose breath still sanctifies the airs!

Yet, year by year, the tumulus upturns
Its treasures rich of ornaments and urns,
Outlined and worked so beaut'ous in all parts,
So quaintly curious, the beholder starts,
And asks himself—"Are these mementoes rude
Left by barbarians who roamed wild and nude?"

Well may the stranger—whoso e'er he be—
Pause 'mid the halls of our Academy*

While contemplating croziers, crowns and shields,
Caskets and brooches found in bogs and fields,
That to a wond'ring world, with mute tongues, speak
Of days when Gaelic art excelled the Greek!

And well might he—our Bard of classic verset—
The glories of that ancient race rehearse
Whose civilisation's traced thro' tombs and crypts
On crosses, reliquaries and manuscripts,
And harps, by monarchs strung with strings of gold
That still, when touched, vibrate the strains of old †
And O, how proud should every student be
Who reads aright our country's history,
And this great age with those gone by contrasts
Whilst round his glance observingly he casts
And, like a panorama in review,
Beholds what we have done and yet can do!

Tho' like aged Wolsey, when royal smiles had flown,
We've little left we "now dare call 'our own,'"
Yet Ulster linen, spite Manchester rings,
Obtains the prize true merit ever brings,
And tabinets, tho' laid aside to-day,
O'er foreign silks shall yet resume their sway!
With length'ning strides our native looms oppose,
In tweeds and meltons, our trade-robbing foes,
And as to serges, from French yarns spun,
And friezes, wove where Lee or Liffey run,
Come with me, come! ere elsewhere you are drawn
And see the "made up" goods of Denis Vaughan!

* The Royal Irish Academy.

+ D'Arcy M'Gee has outlined the characteristics of the ancient Irish in verse, vigorous and classic, that it has attracted universal admiration.

† Brian Boru's Harp is still treasured in Trinity College.

P. VAUGHAN'S
FIRST-CLASS TAILORING.

THE ORDER DEPARTMENT:—

16 UPPER ORMOND QUAY.

THE READY-MADE ESTABLISHMENT:—

64 DAME STREET, DUBLIN.

Noted for Cheapness and Elegance Combined.

R. O'REILLY,
Musical Instrument Manufacturer,
16 and 17 WELLINGTON QUAY,
DUBLIN.



ALL kinds of Band Instruments repaired.
Musical Instruments of Every Description
always in Stock.

Brass, Reed, and Fife and Drum Bands Supplied
on the most Moderate Terms.

Musical Instruments of Every Description Tuned
and Repaired on the Premises by Experienced
Workmen.

All Orders Executed with Promptness and
Despatch.

16 & 17 WELLINGTON QUAY, DUBLIN.

AXIS AND AXLES.

AROUND the Sun the planets and the earth
 On axis turn e'er since creation's birth,*
 And thus shall they, revolving, whirl and fly
 Till Axles made by Egan, Son, and Tighe
 By friction break, or by expansion bend,
 Or tyers they forge show either flaw or end!

TIGHE, SON & EGAN,

PRACTICAL

PATENT-AXLE MANUFACTURERS,

29 and 30 TEMPLE BAR, DUBLIN.

* In 1507 Copernicus, Canon of Frauenberg, in Prussia, came to the conclusion that the astronomical system which had been for ages received, that which placed the earth in a centre, round which the sun revolved, was erroneous. He restored the system of Pythagoras, which is now universally adopted, namely, the system which places the sun in the centre, round which the earth and other planets revolve.

At this distance of time it appears somewhat strange that although the theories of Copernicus were in all essentials precisely the same as those that, a century later, were promulgated by Galileo, and for which he was so severely punished, the former never received any censure from his ecclesiastical superiors. This may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that Copernicus, who was a resolute opponent of Luther, published his views merely as scientific theories, whereas Galileo claimed for his work an authoritative position.

T E A S
IN THE HIGHEST POINT OF PERFECTION.

JAMES HEALY,
(LATE JOHN REILLY),
Wholesale and Retail Tea and Wine Importer
and Spirit Merchant,
44 NORTH KING STREET,
AND 122 UPPER CHURCH STREET, DUBLIN.

J. J. and Son's Seven-year Old Malt, full strength, 21s. per gallon.
Gonzales and Byass's Wines of finest quality.
Best Assam, mixed lot Company's, 3s. per lb.
Finest Black, 3s. per lb.
Excellent ditto, strong, 2s. 8d. per lb.
Special Family Tea, guaranteed, 2s. per lb.
Good Strong Teas, down to 1s. 4d.

Six Pounds and upwards paid to any Railway Station
on receipt of P. O. O.

THOMAS CUMMINS,

Successor to the late GEORGE MORRIS),

Irish




Manufacture.

Manufacturer of Box-baths, Cans, Grocers' Canisters,
and every description of Iron, Tin and Zinc work, Iron,
Glass Label, and Clock-dial Japanner.

Any of the above can be repaired, re-japped, and turned out
equal to new by

THOMAS CUMMINS,
JAPAN AND TIN WORKS,
8 LITTLE SHIP STREET, DUBLIN.

 The only Clock-dial Japanner in all Ireland.

Encourage Home Trade

BY BUYING NONE BUT

HOME-MADE BOOTS & SHOES

WHICH CAN BE HAD AT

KELLY'S,
88 GREAT BRITAIN STREET,
 Cheaper than any Imported Work.

By using them you will *keep the money at home and help the unemployed.*

Children's Boots, from	1s. Od. per pair.
Ladies'	"	...	5s. 3d. "
Gents'	"	...	11s. 6d. "

All our own make. Boots to order in three days. Repairs neatly done.

NOTE THE ADDRESS,

88 GREAT BRITAIN STREET, DUBLIN.

IMPROMPTU.

On seeing a Boar's Head in the window of the "Burlington," decorated with a ribbon bearing the legend—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

"Great Cæsar dead, and turned, at length, to clay,
 A bung might stop to keep the winds away!

So see, alas," cries Hamlet grave and true,

"What uses may we not be turned unto?"

Reflecting thus, a sad, disordered train

Of fancies flashed across my musing brain

When, carelessly, my wand'ring eye lit on

Th' attractive windows of the "Burlington,"

And there espied, upon a ribbon spread

Artistically around a wild boar's head,

That tow'r'd aloft o'er pastries, wines, and meats,

A line filched from the nervous verse of Keats!

Like Cawder's Thane pursued by Banquo's ghost,

Methinks it stares from 'mid the boiled and roast,—

Or yet, more like the legend on the wall

Balthassar saw while holding festival,—

Go where I may, with most relentless will,

That grinning head absorbs my vision still,

And from it I in vain essay to sever—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!"

"THE BURLINGTON"

Dining Rooms and Restaurant,

27 ST. ANDREW STREET,

AND

"THE DOLPHIN"

HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,

45 & 46 ESSEX STREET, EAST,

Are now under the immediate management and personal superintendence of the Proprietor,

THOMAS F. CORLESS.

Luncheons and Dinners, from 12 noon to 6 o'clock, p.m.
Suppers - - - - - " 9 " to 12 " p.m.

Catering by experienced and proficient cooks of first-class ability.

Whiskeys, Wines, and Brandies of guaranteed quality.

OYSTERS, during the season, fresh from the beds daily.

Over 1,000 boxes of the Finest Cigars, chiefly purchased from the stock of the late Mr. MADDEN of College Green.

"THE BURLINGTON," 27 ST. ANDREW STREET, or
"THE DOLPHIN," 45 & 46 EAST ESSEX STREET, DUBLIN.

ANNE LYNCH'S

CELEBRATED TEA.

UNRIVALLED FOR FLAVOUR, STRENGTH, AND
RICHNESS,

And Eight-pence per lb. lower than usual Trade Prices.

Finest Black Tea, highest price, - 2s. 8d. per lb.

Finest Indian, - - - 2s. 8d. ,,

Assam Mixture, - - - 2s. 0d. ,,

Packages from 6 lbs. to 100 lbs. forwarded to all parts of
the Kingdom.

CHIEF WAREHOUSE—

69 SOUTH GREAT GEORGE'S STREET,

BRANCHES { 72 THOMAS STREET,
 { 1 TALBOT STREET.

AND

162 NORTH KING STREET, DUBLIN.

The Holy Face;

OR,

DEVOTIONS TO THE HOLY FACE OF OUR LORD.

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION.

*Great favours have been obtained through
this sacred Devotion.*

O JESUS, my Saviour! at the sight
of Thy most holy Face disfigured by pain,
at the sight of Thy Sacred Heart so full
of love, I exclaim with St. Augustine:
"Lord JESUS, imprint Thy sacred
wounds upon my heart, that I may read
therein Thy sorrow and Thy love: Thy
sorrow, to bear every sorrow for Thee;
Thy love, to despise for Thee every other
love."

*Lord Jesus, in presenting ourselves
before Thy adorable Face to ask the favours
we need, we implore of Thee, before all
things else, the interior disposition of never
refusing Thee what Thou daily askest of us
by Thy holy commandments and by Thy
divine inspirations. Amen.*

PRAYER.

O adorable Face of my JESUS! bowed
so mercifully on the tree of the cross the

Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 005 148 593

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE



